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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1826.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE is nothing in England that exercises a more delightful spell over the imagination, than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures our fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet we only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavour of those honest days of Yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, we are apt to think the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous, than at present. We regret, however, that they are daily growing more and more faint. Being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion, they resemble those picturesque in morsels of gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the addition and alterations of latter days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the gothic arch, and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are ex-

tremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full Jubilee on the morning that brought peace and goodwill to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement also, devised from days of Yore, that this festival, which commemorates that announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares, and pleasures, and sorrows of the world, are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again, among the endearing momentos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times, we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and every where." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature is despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoy-

ment. Heart calleth unto heart: and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the great recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure elements of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room, filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the apartment, and lights up each countenance into a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile?—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent, than by the winter fire-side? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of moral habits throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humours, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness.

The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly; the cheerful fire glanced its ray through the lattice, inviting the passenger to lift the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honours, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The

preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the watches of winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "When deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is indeed the season of regenerated feelings—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, re-animates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

The preceding general observations on our Christmas festivities we shall attempt to illustrate by a familiar anecdote or two, which will tell their own tale in a genuine holiday spirit; which is tolerant of folly, and anxious only for amusement. We give them in the words of our friend, by whom they were communicated to us.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, in my way to visit an old friend of my family, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box; presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I

had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during the six weeks of emancipation from the abhorred thraldrom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus.—How he could trot! how he could run! and then, such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy.—“There’s John! and there’s old Carlo! and there’s Bantam!” cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him. I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the sturdy old footman, and hugged the pointer; who wriggled his whole body for joy, but Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they sat at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John’s hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with the questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them

with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and Old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach-window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

Arrived in company with the squire's son at the old hall, the family meeting was warm and affectionate: as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connexion, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied: some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fire-place; at one end of the hall was a group of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off, to slumber through a peaceful night.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fire-place, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illuminated on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

Supper was announced: shortly after, it was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the pannels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, wreathed also with evergreens, were placed on a highly-polished beaufet, among the family plate. The table

was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of *furmenty*, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with some spices, being a standing dish in old times for *Christmas eve*. I was happy to find my old friend, *minced-pie*, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The supper had disposed one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and, to all appearance, comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment; and though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own house, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "Harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one: some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner with whom he affirmed he had danced at every *Christmas* for nearly half a century.

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all mad-cap youngsters, he was a universal favourite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was a young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances, which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and indeed, the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the Continent.—He could talk French and Italian—draw landscapes—sing very tolerably—dance divinely; but, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo:—what girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection?

When I awoke next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the

identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burthen of which was

"Rejoice, our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas day in the morning."

I rose softly, slipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groupes that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber door; *but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness*. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance, from under their eye-brows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity. Methinks I hear the questions of my graver readers—"To what purpose is all this—how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? and if not, are there not thousands of able pens labouring for its improvement?—It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to play the companion rather than the preceptor.

D. D.

#### A GRAPHICAL HORSE.

AN Oxford scholar purchased a horse: not wishing to distinguish him by the backneyed appellation of Bucephalus, he applied to his friend for another equally classical name. "Call him Graphy," was the answer. "Graphy!" exclaimed the scholar in surprise; "how, in the name of wonder, can that be made to apply to him?" "Why," replied his friend, "you purchase your horse; it is then *bi-o-graphy*; you mount him, you are then *top-o-graphy*; away you go, you are both, then, *ge-o-graphy*."

## MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

*(Continued from page 270.)*

IN a short time the door opened again, but instead of the servant, Ara appeared.

He took no notice of Macdonald's cold, though polite, bow, but with sarcastic haughtiness said, "New manners seem to have been acquired in the Highlands, Mr. Macdonald, since I left them! tenants then did not force themselves into their landlord's house against his pleasure."

"Our manners are old, sir," replied Macdonald, his colour brightening as he spoke; "we are only unacquainted with the customs here, that deny a man in his own house."

"Your language is free, through your ignorance, Mr. Macdonald: when you have rubbed off the rust of your plough a little, you may then become acquainted with the customs of the world. In the meantime, let me tell you, that your present conduct is as impertinent as it is ill-bred; my servants only act by my orders; and only your rustic life can excuse your audacity in forcing yourself into my house, and presuming to send threatening messages to my daughter."

"Threatening messages!" repeated Macdonald; "the servant must have strangely blundered, if he carried any threatening messages from me to Miss Græme!—Mr. Græme, your language has been to me most intemperate; perhaps, I may have been peremptory in insisting upon admittance into your house; but another than yourself might find an excuse for it in the state of anxiety my heart is in at present. Your recent letter to me, Mr. Græme, leaves me no room to doubt, but that you fully know the interest your daughter once allowed me to hold in her affections. I am not ignorant that I cannot boast the high birth of Miss Græme of Ara, nor offer her that fortune she so richly merits; but Macdonald of Glenquair has long been a respectable name; and I trust, if life and health are spared me, that I may yet be able to add wealth to it: here is a letter from my mother's uncle; it holds out the most flattering promises; with his friendship, I may soon advance in the world, and never but by honour and principle. O, Mr. Græme, I forget all your harsh language to me! I implore you to revoke that cruel letter of your's; I release Miss Græme from her engagement; I only ask you not to reject me alto-

gether; and, if Maria does not change, and a few years see me in the way of fortune, that you will not object to my seeking that preference she gave me last summer at Ara castle."

Ara did not want humanity; and the agony and entreaty that were in Macdonald's eye and voice, softened down the displeasure he had entered with, to something like compassion. In a milder tone, he said, "Keep your uncle's letter, Mr. Macdonald; I have nothing more to do with it, than to wish every prospect of prosperity it holds out realized; and in parting as a friend, it is necessary that all recollection of what you have just now been talking of should be entirely forgotten. My answer you have in the letter I wrote you; I have nothing else to say; for it is not my wish to wound you more than I have done; yet I must positively insist that you make no farther attempt to see Maria; you are on the way to London, and your acquaintance will die away as if it had never been."

"Never, never," cried Macdonald impetuously; "and though you thus coolly talk of what is death to me, I will not sacrifice my best hopes to your mercenary policy. Maria cannot have forgotten me; you wish to sever and break two fond and faithful hearts. I will see Maria: from her lips alone will I leave Scotland a discarded and disappointed man."

"Your insolence crushes any pity I had for your folly," said Ara, anger flashing from his eyes; "quit this house, sir, and at your peril approach it again."

"Let Maria reject me herself," said Macdonald, "and I care not where I go, nor what house I approach again."

"Maria rejects you through me," answered Ara loudly: "Is my race so fallen, that the son of my hinds dare talk of love to a daughter of Græme of Ara! Sooner," and he stamped vehemently on the floor, "sooner would I lay Maria in her coffin, than allow her to descend to such an interview with a presumptuous boy who drove his plough over her father's lands!"

"Your contempt is well understood," said Macdonald, pale and still from former emotion; "spare further invective, lest I rise prouder from your scorn than even Ara himself! Deep is my heart bound to bear all this! But, Mr. Græme, let us endure each other for a short time longer. I love your daughter Maria, dearer than any earthly thing; she has told me that I was as dear to her: if she is to reject me after all her solemn vows, is it too much that I should ask that re-

jection from her own lips? If there is a fault, I am resolute in it: once told by her that she loves me no longer, by the eternal God! I would pluck out my own heart, if I thought it so contemptible as to follow with importunities the woman who had won it but to scorn it; but until that final crush is given, I will never leave Edinburgh; and I would gain Maria's presence if every Græme in Scotland stood between her and me!"

Macdonald ceased, and stood before Mr. Græme not in insolent daring, but in respectful determination. While he was speaking, Ara's mind had contained no pleasing reflections. Macdonald's resolution seemed immovable, and if his desire was not, in some measure, complied with, the affair might make a noise highly detrimental to Maria, and galling to the pride of her family. But an interview between his daughter and Macdonald, Ara was, at all risks, determined to prevent; even if he were to stand sentry over her chamber-door himself; convinced that no lectures could ever tutor Maria to give Macdonald up in his own presence.

Smoothing down his anger, therefore, into something of a conciliating tone, he replied, "Mr. Macdonald, when years and some experience of the world have taught you to know its customs and etiquettes, you will look back with much condemnation on your present violent conduct in my house. In receiving you at Ara-castle, I welcomed you to a hospitable table, where the landlord would have been the last, of his own accord, to point out a difference, which I must confess, from the sense and modesty I observed in all other respects you were concerned in, surprises me beyond expression that you could either have overlooked or forgotten. To ask a second introduction in my family, after the use you made of the first, can only be done in the supposition that I am an ideot! Yet since Maria erred so grossly, it is but right she should feel the weight of her fault. There are writing materials; put your questions on paper to Maria; through my hands she shall receive them; and I pledge you my word, that she shall write you an answer herself."

"I cannot write here," answered Macdonald, hastily; "my thoughts are too distracted; give me two hours, and I shall send my letter enclosed to you."

"Since I have conceded in part to your determination," said Ara, "it is but just that mine, the injured, should have

weight with you; a letter Maria receives not; but a few open lines I shall carry up to her, now, or never; for beyond this hour the name of Macdonald of Glenquair shall be a stranger in the house of Ara."

"Have you no compassion?" said Macdonald in a voice nearly suffocated with bursting feelings. "Oh! Mr. Græme, I conjure you to have mercy upon me; the whole happiness of my future life hangs upon that hour you so lightly talk of! If you had ever such a stake at risk yourself, pity me, and let me see Maria."

Mr. Græme did soften a little at the distress Macdonald was in, but the concluding sentence kindled all his indignation anew, and turning quickly on his heel, he said, "You are a madman, Mr. Macdonald! Good morning: my footman will show you to the door."

"Stop! in the name of God, stop!" cried Macdonald, catching him in agony. "Since you have no mercy, I must submit. Oh! God Almighty! you have a heart of steel!"

Macdonald took up the pen, but to use it, for a moment or two, was beyond his power, until steadying his trembling hand with the grasp of the other, he wrote the following note:—

"Do you give me up, Maria? my uncle has promised me his patronage? but it was many months before I received his answer; and I have been ill since, and unable to seek you until now. Your father wrote me a dreadful letter. Dearest Maria, is it true you give me up? I love you better than ever, but your father will not let me see you. I am distracted, and know not what I write. But oh, Maria! my sweetest, dearest, Maria! do not abandon me. ALLAN MACDONALD."

"You will give it?" said he, in a voice of the most imploring anguish, as he put the paper into Ara's hands, "you will give it to Maria? by every thing eternal, you will give it as it is?"

"Depend upon it," replied Ara; "I have pledged my word to deliver it faithfully; an answer shall be sent you immediately; and in parting, let me assure you, Mr. Macdonald, that I wish you every success in the world."

"That is mockery, Mr. Græme," exclaimed Macdonald bitterly; and rushing from the parlour, he fell for a moment against the door-way before he was able to descend into the street.

C. B. M.

*(To be continued.)*

## PRIZE ESSAY.

## MARRIAGE.

*(Continued from page 254.)*

WE have, already, said that the happiness of man was the great design of God in the institution of Marriage: and so the world thinks. It is a fairy-land, where the ardent, unthinking sons and daughters of man can conceive no troubles to exist, and no griefs to abound. Marriage, however, though the unsuspecting may deem it Paradise, has its cares, its anxieties, and its afflictions; and yet, with all these allowances for the imperfection of its state, we fear not to pronounce it, the perfection of human happiness. Let the following pages be devoted to the consideration of its bliss.

"Marriage," said the great British moralist, "has many cares; but celibacy has few pleasures." A state of unmixed good, is not the lot of man! We are the children of an imperfect world; it is enough, therefore, if our cup have in it some sweetness, and if its preponderating qualities be sanative and exhilarating. Contemplating his future life of toil and sorrow, and his present one of isolated enjoyment, God declared it was "not good for man to be alone." Exposed to the corroding cares, the keen-felt sorrows, the bitter disappointments, the heart-rending bereavements, which meet us in every step of our journey through life, who, unaided and unsupported, can conflict with these complicated ills? who can brave, alone and unbefriended, the ingratitude, the envy, the malevolence of the world? How can the weakness of our nature defy the shafts of calumny, or bear up with unrepining patience or unshaken fortitude against the varied calamities of human life, when the contest is to be maintained by an unsupported, solitary being? If the heart mourn over disappointed hope, or be wrung by the pangs of unrequited or slighted affection,—if we pine on the bed of care, or languish on the couch of sickness,—who would not desire the sympathy of friendship, and seek to mingle their tears with those of affection? Who does not desire for his last moments the tenderness of a bosom-friend, and the attentions of unpurchased kindness, in preference to those of domestics, however faithful or attentive. Pitiable, indeed, are those who pass through life—

With none to love them, soothe them, or caress,  
To nurse in sickness, or in health to bless;  
Partake their wealth; their poverty to share,  
Crown every joy, and lighten every care.

If, on the other hand, our path be strewed with flowers; if the sweet sounds of innocent mirth echo through our dwellings; if prosperity amplify our stores; if our corn, and wine, and oil, increase; if our families be affectionate, lovely, and prosperous; if we grow in honour, reputation, and esteem; who, we would ask, is so selfish as to indulge in solitary enjoyment? who would not rather augment his own happiness by communicating its influence and its delights to others, and increase his already augmented stores, by imparting of their abundance to some kindred spirit? In this respect, he that scattereth, increaseth; our joys become amplified and our sorrows lessened by being shared with others: whilst the selfishness of unparticipated good would only corrupt the generous affections of a benevolent heart; or the hopelessness of untold sorrow destroy its elasticity, and wither even the buds of hope.

Moreover, how desirable and important it is to have, on every emergency, a friend, on whose judgment we can rely, and in whose sincerity we can confide, let those testify, who have cultivated any acquaintance with the world, its business, or its concerns. How delightful also is the interchange of thought?

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach,  
Good sense will stagnate: thoughts shut up want air,  
And spoil; like bales unopened to the sun.  
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude,  
As exercise for salutary rest.

How delightful to have a bosom into which to pour our joys, and an ear into which to whisper our sorrows; and all this without fear of being betrayed, or injured by the disclosure. To the weary pilgrim who journeys through the ills of this world, how sweet to have one resting-place where no disappointment embitters, and no suspicion need be indulged; where the confidence of friendship may be enjoyed without doubt as to its reality!

Poor is the friendless master of a world:  
A world in purchase of a friend is gain.  
O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,  
And elevating spirit, of a friend!

Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains?  
As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers—  
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight,  
Twins tied by nature.

And where, it is seriously asked, can the warmth, the delicacy, the sincerity, the perfection of friendship, be found, unless in the marriage state? Here an identity of interest shuts out the petty jealousies, and vexatious envyings and strife, by which the peace of less-closely-connected parties is broken in upon, or destroyed. To possess a friend inspired by the same feelings, actuated by the same motives, and seeking the same object, and by the same means, is, in our view, the one grand object of the matrimonial engagement:

Unutterable happiness! which love  
Alone bestows, and on a favoured few  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend:  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire,  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence; for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

What is the world to them,  
Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all,  
Who, in each other, clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

Thus sweetly sung Nature's poet; nor less truly others who have touched the lyre to the praise of wedded bliss. One, formed by the hand of Nature, to feel her most delightful pleasures, and to luxuriate in the sweet pastures of a rich, yet chastened fancy, has, so embodied in verse, rich as Parnassian dew, the feelings and the sentiments of our hearts, that we dare not omit their transcription:—

High is the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above!  
To draw new raptures from another's joy;  
To share each grief and half its sting destroy;  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,  
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd.

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To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,  
Sublimest friendship, passion most refin'd;  
Passion to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship brightest in the darkest storm.

Personal beauty and a fine appearance should never tempt us to forget, that there are moral qualities indispensably requisite to a happy union. When the bloom of beauty, and the rose of health, wither before the approach of sickness,—when the once sparkling eye becomes dimmed, and disease paralyzes the easy movements of a graceful form,—where are we to look for comfort, consolation, and delight? the bitter blast will have swept away all that once delighted the senses, or gave pleasure to the mind; leaving us nothing but the wreck of beauty, and the mortifying recollection of departed admiration! Alas!

How soon the roseate hue may die,  
On yonder lovely cheek,  
And brilliancy forsake the eye,  
That now does all but speak!

In the choice of one who is to be our fellow-traveller and inseparable companion, throughout this world's weary pilgrimage of woe, we shall do well to remember that to gaze on a fine form with a vacant mind, will do little to assuage the bitterness of misfortune, or to support the mind under its pressure. To know that our connexions have been the toast of fashionable life, and have adorned our prosperity by their grace and beauty, are bitter recollections when the glory of the one is departed, and the attractions of the other have ceased to delight. But good sense, sound discretion, elegant manners, cultivated understanding, generous feelings, amiable deportment, and good principles, will adorn our prosperity and console our afflictions. With these qualities we shall rise in each other's esteem in proportion as outward considerations detach us from the insincerity and vanity of the world: we shall cleave to one another with increased devotion, as the servile crowd of our prosperity friends desert us; and, in the evening of life, when the attractions of frail humanity gradually die away, the qualities of the mind and the affections of the heart, tempered by time and mellowed by experience, will throw a steady light over our latter days, and gild with their mild effulgence our path to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

O blest enjoyment, friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from cares ! I wish you might be mine,  
With all my prospects brightening to the last;  
My heaven commencing ere the world be past.

Such are our views of the happiness resulting from a well-formed marriage. But it must be evident, that, as we allow moral and mental excellence to be the principal of those qualities, which ought to form the basis of so close an alliance; and as the perpetuity and inseparable nature of it preclude either retraction or alteration of its engagements, and no after experience of inconvenience, or change of opinion, being permitted to dissolve the tie; so it becomes a matter of incalculable importance that it be made with serious consideration, and on due reflection. Let those who would marry well, consider that if marriage-happiness be the most enviable, and the best of which man is capable in this world; so, on the other hand, is marriage-misery the most dreadful of all ills. It admits not of diminution, intermission, or termination in this world. True love is founded on esteem, and esteem is the result of intimate acquaintance, and confidential, unrestrained intercourse. How then can we rationally complain of disappointment, in a matter of such paramount importance, when we neglect the dictates of common prudence, and act in reference to the most important and sacred obligations of life, with less of prudence, foresight, and care, than are generally bestowed on the purchase of a horse, or the hiring of a servant?

We have omitted to mention that temper is a most important consideration in forming the marriage union. If bad, it is the apple of discord which destroys every promise of future excellency; if good, it sweetens the cares of life, bears them with meekness and sweet placidity, and gives a beauty and a grace to every other lovely quality. A captious, peevish spirit; a mind full of suspicions, and easy of offence; a temper, sour, fretful, passionate; ever on the watch to find fault, and to express dissatisfaction; which no attentions can satisfy, and no efforts please; rude in its language, scornful in its expressions, and unreasonable in its requisitions; treating the old with disrespect, and the young with hauteur: these are blights and deformities of character for which nothing can atone or compensate.

Unsuited tempers, as unequal years,  
Oft dash the matrimonial cup with tears;

Oh! heaven direct his choice, who seeks a wife,  
Where he must choose but once, and that for life.  
Nor let him e'er confirm with desperate breath,  
A choice which nothing can revoke but death.

With these considerations we cannot but pronounce matrimony to be one of the most powerful and efficient promotives of human felicity. Love then becomes the most rational, as it is the most endearing, of human affections; aiding the grand design of God—the felicity of his creatures.

We are now arrived at a point, which requires delicacy and judgment, as well as feeling, for its discussion. It is not because foolish men and weak women have rendered it too often ridiculous; and wicked persons of both sexes have made it the ready instrument to destroy the virtue and happiness of the young, that we are, therefore, to consider love as a foolish passion, or one unworthy of a wise and good man. Love has been sung by the sweetest bards; and its influence felt and acknowledged by the most elevated of men. Its joys, its fears, its anxieties, and its hopes, have inspired the song of noblest verse, and prompted the best efforts of the human mind. Under its mighty influence the hero has gone forth, in all the pride and pomp of war, to battle and to victory, has surmounted opposing difficulties, and won, from the hand of power and fortune, a deathless fame, and an imperishable glory. In private life it has sustained the heart of desponding melancholy, and thrown, over care and misfortune, the sunshine of hope:—

Which seems, with heavenly smiles and light rob'd form,  
Like Mercy's angel in affliction's storm.

Blot this heaven-born passion from our common nature, and you tear away its mainspring of exertion, and the anchor of its hopes; you destroy, at one effort, the reward of its toils and the chief of its pleasures.

There is, we know, a cold, phlegmatic philosophy, which would treat love as beneath the dignity of our nature; only suited to weak women and weaker men: but of such philosophy we are neither the disciples, nor the advocates. What the hand of Deity has implanted, cannot, in itself, be wrong. All nations and all people, however differing in language, customs, habits, feelings, and religion, are yet agreed in owning the power of this master-passion in the breast of man,—

Current in every clime, on every coast,  
In Afric's torrid heat—'midst Zembla's frost.

Love has a powerful influence on the conduct, as well as on the opinions of the world. It tempers the ferocity of savage life, and sways, by its magic power, the hearts of those whom nothing else could govern.

Love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath its seat  
In reason and in judgment.

He who can contemplate the beauty, the grace, the delicacy, the loveliness of the female sex, with indifference or distaste, has lost that kind and better feeling by which the rational creation is elevated above the mere animal world. We would judge, and that, we are convinced, most accurately, of the minds and mental qualities of men, by knowing the place which the female sex occupies in their esteem and opinion.

When I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own; that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; Wisdom, in discourse with her,  
Loses, discomfited, and, like Folly, shows.  
Authority and reason on her wait  
As on one intended first, not after made,  
Occasionally. And, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness, their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Such is woman's portrait sketched by a master's pencil! What grace, beauty, and loveliness, shine forth in it! who can behold it without admiration, and who can admire without loving.

Those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance.

Embody as much of virtue, and honour, and greatness of soul, as you can in the person of man; yet, if he affect to

despise the passion of a virtuous love, and treat it with contemptuous apathy, such an one proclaims his own shame, and confesses that a generous feeling glows not in his bosom. Dreary must the tenor of that life be over which love has not shed its genial influence, and, at some period, warmed into vigorous exercise the noblest passions and the best feelings of the human breast. If there be a life which melancholy and misfortune have marked as their own; over which accumulated sorrow and soul-harrowing care have breathed their withering blast; yet the season of a generous love, recalled by memory to its fond remembrance, will offer to the drooping heart a grateful recollection, and impart (if but a transient) relief to its various and poignant sorrows; for

E'en where Arabia's arid waste entombs  
Whole caravans, the green oasis blooms.

For man to neglect the female sex, not only betrays a want of feeling, but is manifest injustice. Woman has laid man under great and infinite obligations; the debt due to her is incalculably great, and one which it is out of man's power ever fully to repay.

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

The passion of love is universal. It glows in every breast, and influences, alike, the savage Indian and the refined European. It nerves the arm of the hardy chieftain, as well as influences the bosoms of those who dwell under the soft canopy of cloudless skies. It is a paramount passion, giving courage to the timid, and caution to the thoughtless; blooming in youth, as well as shedding its influence over maturer years.

In childhood's days, when budding reason springs,  
There the young passion spreads its cherub's wings.

Of Love, the fond theme of poets and the bliss of man, we must now discourse; but how are we to give a local habitation and a name, an identity, a form, a shape, as well as an existence, to this master passion? How can we embody in words,

and render tangible, as it were, to human thought and touch, the thousand little endearments, the attentions, the playfulness, the gentleness, the wooings, the smiles, the caresses, by which the wily god kindles in the breast the hallowed flame of an honourable affection?

Then there were sighs the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;  
A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind  
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown,  
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned  
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown;  
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)  
Of love, when seated in his loveliest throne  
A sincere woman's heart,—for over warm  
Or over cold annihilates the charm.

The author of "The Seasons" has described most faithfully the discovery which virtuous love, in the breast of a virtuous woman, makes of itself, and the feelings which manifest its existence.—

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom.  
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round  
The lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;  
The shining moisture swells into her eyes  
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves  
With palpitation wild, kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
Full of the dear ecstatic pow'r, and sick  
With sighing languishment:

Love, let it be remembered, speaks not in the common dialect of the world. His language is his own; peculiar, appropriate, and persuasive. The side-long glance, the affectionate gaze, the anticipated wish, the kindling blush; these, and a thousand other unnoticed, but real existences, speak with irresistible eloquence to a lover's heart.

Ah! cold are those who banter or reprove  
Th' enchanting trivialities of love!

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The smile, the tear, capricious fond delays;  
The sudden turn of the detected gaze.  
The captive finger, press'd as 'twere by chance,  
And unwithdrawn, as 'twere from absent trance;  
Lips saying no, while eyes acquaint you may,  
Sweet admonitions after willing play.  
Wiles, which can e'en before a mother woo,  
The mother made a witless agent too.  
Arch anger, that so prettily can take  
Offence, for kissing reconciliation's sake.  
Wild vows, mad menaces, demure replies;  
Then all the tender discontent of sighs.  
Romantic treaties sworn, to gaze, when far,  
Each spangled midnight on a mutual star.  
And the look at parting, backward cast,  
The hopeless look—perhaps, for hours, the last!  
Thus meekly kind, thus amorously coy,  
Play courted maids, such courtships youths employ.  
To them these nothings are momentous things,  
And more to them, than diadems to kings.

From the joys descend we now, in dull, cold formality, to consider the proprieties and observances of Courtship. We would however, at setting out, observe that, whilst decorum recommends the sobriety of passion, it excuses not coldness or apathy of heart. Reserving, to the hours of privileged retirement, the full expression of a sincere and warm affection, we do not consider that either reason or modesty require, that the tenderness and delicate attentions of pledged affection should be concealed, even in society.—Let the youthful lovers recollect

“Love droops, neglected; or, deserted, dies.”

Without the display, we would have the reality, of love appear. A virtuous, honourable affection needs no concealment; and kindles no blush, for it implies no disgrace: but still we would rather infer its existence from the nameless delicacies, and the proper attentions of this exalted friendship, than have it proclaimed by the tongue of unthinking frivolity, or impertinent mirth.—True love is the perfection of esteem. It is not like the meteor blaze, which awakens transient hope in the breast of the tempest-tossed mariner, as he traverses the world of waters, mid treacherous sands, sunken rocks, and night's dark

shroud: a fainter, but steadier light would better direct his course, and cheer his despondency with the hope of ultimate escape from death or shipwreck. So it is not vehement passion, protestations of eternal fidelity, vows of unalterable love, which are calculated to awaken sweet hope, and kindle affection in the breast of a sensible and judicious woman. She will look to the actions, rather than to the words, of man. She will remember how many vows, as solemn, have remained unfulfilled; how many expressions, as vehement and as passionate, have been found deceptive; how many former appeals in witness of the sincerity and the reality of love, have only been insult to Heaven, and mockery to woman; she will, in fact, exercise a prudent, jealous suspicion, lest her affections be ensnared by an unworthy and deceptive suitor. We do not, however, for a moment, wish it to be understood that we disapprove of the warmth of a sincere love, or the assurance of a generous and honourable attachment. He who woos woman coldly or inattentively, is unworthy the blessing and the prize he seeks: nor has he learnt the mode of access to her heart, nor the secret of love. Nature has so ordained it. Reason requires, and God approves, that woman should receive from man that homage which,

Her innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd and not unsought be won,

require as their right, and the price of her affection. Love may, in the estimation of some, be a foolish game; but it is one at which wise men play, without shame, and, sometimes, without remorse. Its universality is its apology and its triumph. A prudent, judicious, and virtuous woman, will distrust the language of adulation. "The fervent tongue, prompt to deceive, with its syren song, enchanting," will fail to deceive her. Honourable love speaks the language of truth; and manifests itself most in the homage which it offers to virtue and to good sense. Flattery is insult to a woman's understanding; it seeks her favour by the compromise of her judgment, and by pandering to her vanity. "Let," we would say to the youthful lovers, "let no 'clouded aspect' awaken suspicion or sorrow in your breasts. Let your countenances ever

beam with tranquil, if not joyous, pleasure." There will, no doubt, be circumstances and seasons when the countenance will be sad; when its own bitterness will discover itself; when care, and vexation, and disappointments will dim the brightness of the eye, and destroy the freshness and the fervour of youth. In such cases, feeling and delicacy teach us to conceal our sorrows from the only being who can feel them as her own,

Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise.

It were better to feign excuse for absence, rather than to excite causes of anxiety: a lover's heart is one keenly susceptible of joy or grief. Absence, if not too lengthened, operates beneficially. Interval of enjoyment is renewal of joy. In the hours of seclusion and solitude, the recollection of absent affection, and grace, and loveliness, strengthens the growth of affection, and increases the fervour of true love; as when

Fancy pours  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought:  
Her first endearments twining round the soul  
With all the witchcraft of endearing love.

When love decks the object of affection with every grace, and partiality blinds our judgment, and leads astray our opinions, we are most apt to be unreasonable in our expectations. We cease to be men and women. We are invested with the attributes of a heavenly origin, and claim kindred with the skies. This is injudicious as well as false. Ere long the passions will have cooled, the judgment will have regained its ascendancy; the visions of imagination will have given place to the sober realities of truth; the fictitious charms will be found of mortal growth; hence it becomes a duty not to indulge in exaggerated expectations as to the person, character, or accomplishments of each other. Disappointment may not only defeat expectation: it may create discontent, and prove bitterness to our comfort. Moderate anticipations are the most likely to be realized.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE HAUNTED MINE.

A Forest Tale.

*(Continued from page 264.)*

"He lies deep in earth,  
The forest boughs wave o'er him; birds will sing  
As blithely, and the fawn shall calmly sleep  
Upon an unblest grave, as though he stretched  
His limbs on sod unstained with human blood."

HERMAN felt a strong inclination to question Frity concerning the Count, but respect to the fair orphan withheld him; yet he determined to observe the conduct of the parties silently, and to shape his own in accordance to it. His quiet manners and delicate health soon recommended him to Magdalena, and she permitted him to sit for hours by her side; when she would talk to him of her father, and of the traditions of the forest, all of which she herself devoutly believed; more particularly the strange tales related of an ancient mine, which had been long disused, and which was said to be the haunt of the demons of the waste. Magdalena spoke, also, of the motherly care of Gertrude Altman, and of the debt of gratitude which she owed to the family. Herman, however, guessed that Ernest de Wernebourg was the attraction which chained her to the forest; the young man evidently loved her, and lurked about in every spot where she was likely to be seen; but pride checked the proposal dictated by honour, and to no other would the maiden listen. Magdalena, inexperienced, and under the influence of young affection, suffered her sanguine spirit to cherish bright hopes of the future; and the sweet consciousness of being beloved was, in the early progress of their attachment, quite sufficient to create happiness. Herman Sellner looked on, and sighed; he dared not reveal the secret feelings of his heart; for even if Magdalena could have concealed the preference she yielded to another, he was aware that his parents would not sanction his union with one so low in fortune's favour. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, he would not wholly despair; his noble rival would, perchance, relinquish a pursuit which he could only gain by the sacrifice of many prejudices; and if he should shrink from marriage, Magdalena,

forlorn and abandoned, might be persuaded to accept his hand, even though he should be compelled to keep his engagement secret from his sordid family. These sweet, yet delusive, expectations kept hope alive; and now grown familiar with the lovely orphan, she, secure in his protection, no longer refused to join the rustic assembly, who frequently met before the gates of de Wernebourg's castle, to indulge in country sports. The Count displayed his fine figure to great advantage on those occasions: he was a gallant hunter, a graceful dancer, and unrivalled in the athletic exercises of the field. Scorning the invalid, whose pale countenance and nerveless limbs inspired him with contempt, he felt no apprehension when he saw Magdalena lean upon the arm of her debilitated escort; and bestowed a proud civility upon the insignificant stranger, which Herman bore patiently for Magdalena's sake, although his spirit chafed against it. Mounted on a fiery courser, and making rock and dale ring with the echoing hoof and horn, de Wernebourg, at the head of a jovial train of hunters, would sweep through the green wood; and Magdalena's sparkling eye, raised from the book which Sellner was reading to her, as they were seated on some sunny bank, told how strongly admiration was kindled by that noble form, and how little interest was excited by tales and legends of other times, when he, who was dearer than a thousand heroes of romance, appeared, radiant with manly beauty, and foremost in the chase. With what joy, at sun-set, did the delighted girl quit Herman's side to mingle with her noble partner in the dance; and, though careful not to suffer herself to be drawn away from her companions, her smiles and blushes might be seen even in the dim twilight; and, as Sellner was of the party, she frequently permitted the Count to walk with her to the last turn leading to Altman's cottage. Bitter were the mortifications which the slighted lover experienced as he listened to the converse of the enamoured pair, yet, despite of the certainty that a mutual attachment existed between them, he gathered fresh hope from the developement of de Wernebourg's haughty disposition; and though his heart bled at the anticipation of Magdalena's sufferings, when she should discover the cruel selfishness of the Count's intentions, there was a prospect beyond, which he contemplated with the most ecstatic delight.

A few weeks passed away, in which Herman, though frequently saddened by melancholy reflections, enjoyed more exquisite pleasure than had ever blessed any previous portion of his existence; he spent whole hours by the side of Magdalena, fondly trusting that he was gaining rapid advances in her good opinion, and that he might be secure of her friendship, even if he could not succeed in touching her heart. He perceived that his lovely mistress grew hourly more reserved in her demeanour towards the Count: her modesty had taken alarm at some freedoms which he had offered; and she now began to avoid him most sedulously. Sillner was deceived by the calmness of her manner: while relinquishing those interviews which had afforded her so much happiness, he knew not, that, confiding in her lover's attachment, she flattered herself that, their intercourse being restrained, he would openly avow an honourable passion, and make her his wife.

Yet though suffering little uneasiness respecting de Wernebourg's final decision, Magdalena felt much anxiety on Gertrude Altman's account. The forester spent whole days carousing in the neighbouring village of Waldensen, obtaining the means of indulging in continued intoxication by his nightly degradations; and the trembling girl feared that her influence with the Count would be insufficient to save him from merited punishment. Gradually sinking into utter licentiousness, he had grown incorrigible in his habits, and reckless of the consequences, and scarcely took the slightest pains to conceal the dishonest practices by which he supported himself in luxurious idleness.

Herman perceived that this state of affairs could not be of long duration; and very doubtful of de Wernebourg's motives in seeking to gain an interest in Magdalena's heart, looked forward to the rapid approach of that period, when deprived even of the wretched shelter afforded by Altman's roof, she would scarcely have any alternative between accepting the Count's dis honourable proposals, or of becoming the wife of a more disinterested lover. He indulged at the same time in sweet dreams of future bliss, a secret marriage, and precious hours, stolen from the noise and bustle of the city, spent in visits to his secluded bride. These delightful visions were, however, occasionally disturbed by the cruel apprehension that Magdalena's discouragement of de Wernebourg was only shewn in the presence of observing eyes.

One dark night, when the heat of the weather prevented sleep, he arose, and seated himself at the window of his narrow apartment to inhale the dewy air, while sunk in pensive contemplations, a low rustling in the vine awakened his attention; a slight sound, repeated at intervals, kept him vigilant; but such was the extreme caution of the midnight visitant, that, although completely on the alert, it was with difficulty that Herman's eye detected a dark form gliding away into the depths of the forest. The next morning, he would have spoken on the subject to Magdalena, but she had caught a suspicion that the young merchant's attachment was something more than common friendship, and she shunned him, or took care that Frity should make a third in their interviews.

The following evening, Herman's fears were changed to certainty: the figure appeared again; it was too tall for Altman: "and why," he asked, "should he seek clandestine admittance into his own house?" It could, he imagined, be no other than de Wernebourg; and Magdalena's altered looks evinced that the serenity of her mind had fled; tears, which she vainly tried to conceal, chased each other down her cheeks; but she shrunk from the confidence to which Herman, though a prey to the darkest suspicions, invited her. He, therefore, guided by several minor circumstances which passed under his observation, concluded that the Count had disclosed the baseness of his views; and, while keeping aloof in the day, and menacing Altman with the severest vengeance of the outraged laws, stole secretly, at night, to urge a suit which Magdalena, though hearing with anguish, possessed not sufficient fortitude to repel. Alas! it was only too visible that the hopeless maiden's peace was wrecked: and, despite of the weakness of his arm, Sillner determined to front the seducer in his nightly path, and force him to do justice to the innocence, whose injury he meditated, or, die in the attempt.

After all the family had retired to bed, the anxious lover stole softly from his chamber; and wrapping a cloak around him, proceeded cautiously in the direction which led to de Wernebourg's castle. Once or twice he thought that he could discern a moving object in the deep gloom; but he wished to approach the Count as closely as possible ere he accosted him, lest he might only give a warning to one so desirous of concealment, for escape.

A low wind agitated the boughs of the forest trees, and they creaked heavily in the blast; the branches, as they bent to and fro, assumed fantastic shapes. Amid the deep sighing of the woods, and waving of the foliage, Herman fancied that the whole wilderness was peopled with unearthly creatures. A superstitious horror crept over him; he paused, watching anxiously for approaching footsteps, whilst the murmur of the forest increased.

Amid the crashing boughs and rustling leaves, he thought that he could distinguish a blow and a fall, as if some living creature had been smitten to the ground. A fearful groan struck his ear; and as the sound was repeated, the voice of the listener died within him; but though too much agitated to speak, he hurried onwards to the spot whence he thought the cry proceeded. The thunder now rolled too awfully to admit of hearing more; breaking his eager way through the trees, a bright flash of lightning threw a strong illumination upon the surrounding scene, and Herman distinctly saw a man dragging a prostrate body along the ground. All was instantaneously involved in darkness, whilst peals of thunder rent the sky. Blinded by the rain which fell in torrents, the bewildered youth, after wandering for some time at random, with difficulty retraced his steps to the cottage.

All there was buried in profound repose. His first idea was to call up Altman, that they might search for the track of the murderer with lighted torches; but the old man was not in his bed; Gertrude slept soundly, and he deemed it useless to alarm her by the tale of his night's adventure. Herman waited impatiently for the return of his host, his heart throbbing at the recollection of the black deed which the forest had disclosed.

E. R.

*To be concluded in our next.*

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### FRIENDSHIP.

REAL friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

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**JEANNIE HALLIDAY.**

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*(Continued from page 282.)*

MONTHS passed on thus,—months of rare felicity to the young couple at the Ivy. Endeared to each other by their intimate knowledge of their mutual virtues, and by better experience of each other's sweet tempers, they found their comforts unruffled by a single adverse circumstance: not that cross accidents did not sometimes occur to them, as to their neighbours; but they early learnt to bless Heaven for not sending misfortunes instead of vexations, and thus felt them less sensibly. All important things went well with them. Both their land and their cattle made more than their expected returns. Jeannie's stout servant-lass turned out a treasure of hard work and good humour; and Malcolm's only farming-man proved honest and pains-taking. To crown all, ere the twelve months were complete, Jeannie became the safe and rapturous mother of a lovely girl. Who can paint, who need attempt painting, the transport of a young and attached pair, over their first-born? All who have either felt or witnessed such transports, must ably recal them. Malcolm and his wife were the happiest, fondest of parents; their affection for each other assumed a character of deeper tenderness, while bursts of doting admiration became the exclusive right of their child. But it was not only to the father and mother that little Jeanet brought enjoyment; from the moment Alan Forsyth took her in his arms, and suffered his heart's secret to gush out over her in a burst of impetuous tears—from that moment, his heart found an object to love without measure, as without fear. He found in it a helpless little being who owed existence to the Jeannie he had loved so long and so dearly. From the hour Jeannie Halliday married, Alan never to his own thoughts dwelt on his disappointed passion, but as a thing which had been. In mutual good offices, and in cordial companionship between the families of the Brae Farm, the Manse, and the Ivy, month after month glided on, till towards the end of the second year, a new blessing was expected for the Camerons, in the birth of another child. But over this infant's birth gathered the first clouds that had yet darkened their happiness—they were storm clouds. Only a few days after its birth, Malcolm's uncle, the worthy minister, whose roof had sheltered his mother,

died suddenly, leaving his affairs greatly perplexed, by too liberal an exercise of charity, with limited means, and as small a stock of worldly talent.—Having been cruelly drawn into a law-suit by a designing attorney, the money intended to discharge his annual bills had been all drained from him, so that he died in debt. Cameron's honourable and grateful heart, too hastily, prompted him to become answerable for those debts; trusting to his own industry and fair prospects for discharging them by instalments, without material injury to the dear persons solely dependent upon him. But the storm was now gathering fast: Malcolm Cameron's sun of prosperity was about to sink behind clouds big with future ruin. A large sum of money, (all in fact that he possessed in the world, except the stock upon his farm,) was lying in a bank at Dundee, for payment of his rent, and for a purchase of lean kine to fatten, when the bank broke, and, with it, nearly the heart of Malcolm Cameron. It was long ere he could venture to impart the woeful tidings to his Jeannie, whose delicate state, with their new-born boy at her breast, rendered such a shock dangerous. But Jeannie, after her first agonizing flood of tears, roused herself to support the heart far dearer than her own; and by the sweet contentedness with which she soon planned a new and humbled way of life for them, increased her husband's affliction, with his love, even to agony. On the first rumour of their friend's misfortune, Alan Forsyth had eagerly seized upon his father's honest concern for the husband of his Jeannie, and had got the old man to offer to become responsible for the next twelvemonth's rent of their farm, besides proposing to help them with ready-money, provided Cameron could be persuaded to take the risk of clearing himself gradually by the profits. But Cameron saw Jeannie unwilling, or, as he thought, fearful of going far upon any save sure ground; and thankfully declining this, he fell with greater readiness into a proposal made by his former captain. This was to go out to sea again with him, as supercargo, to the Levant, for which Cameron would not only receive a liberal salary, but, so highly did Captain Macdonald estimate his ability, and the essential use of his thorough acquaintance with the lingua França, and so much did he compassionate his present unmerited misfortunes, that he would freely allow him a given per centage upon every article of barter or exchange taken out. By moderate calculation, those profits would wholly extricate Came-

ron; and with such a cheering prospect before him, he presented himself at once to his creditors, stated his situation, and received their consent to his honest purpose. These premising arrangements made, Malcolm Cameron once more raised his open brow at kirk and hame. In many a fond embrace he stifled the sobs and tears of his tender Jeannie; flattering her with joyous auguries of future comfort, nay, of future abundance, when he should return from the Levant. But Jeannie's tears only flowed the faster for this. Pains, privations, penury, never-ceasing toil, she had contemplated with unshrinking fortitude; but separation from Malcolm, the father of the unconscious innocents smiling between their knees, was to her insupportable. Now she felt "how much the husband is dearer than the lover!" for now she wondered that she had ever lived through the long nights of tearful watching, and dismal storm-hearkening, which had rendered Malcolm's last absence so memorable. Cameron, meanwhile, strengthened by a firm persuasion that he was doing right;—and the more readily believing this from the yearning of his own heart to stay with those dearer to him than all that heart's blood, Cameron continued to soothe, and reason, and inculcate submission to Heaven's evident decree, till, at length, he succeeded in bringing Jeannie's mind into a better frame. That done, he had no more to struggle against; for his mother's sorrow was a silent one. She was disciplined by the trials of more than fifty years, and felt, in common with every self-slighting mother, that her grief ought not to be heard where there was one yet keener, and more privileged. She shed her forboding tears, therefore, alone, and unsuspected.

It was the end of July when the good ship Andrew was to sail from the Tay. The night before the morning on which Cameron was to join her, he had spent with his friends and his family, in the open air; enjoying the sweetness of a fine calm evening under a favourite arbour of Jeannie's, (which her hands had interlaced with willows and rose-trees,) listening to the summer sound of the distant cuckoo. Soon afterwards they retired to bed; there alternately to watch and weep by each others' side, in sad, sad companionship, or to join in fervent prayer for a happy reunion after brief separation. The next morning, Cameron hastily swallowed a six o'clock breakfast; the first meal his wife's hand could not prepare for him. At the down-pour of his eyes Jeannie's head fell back against his breast, with a suffocating gasp. "Bless

ye! my mither; bless ye! my soul's dearest;" was all Malcolm could articulate, in a faint voice, as he rent himself from them. "Our bairns, Malcolm,—our bairns!" Cameron looked back upon his wife from the door-way. That look said he had already blessed his children, and durst not go to them again:—it was the last that he gave her; and with it, he disappeared. A second afterwards, Jeannie heard the starting set-off of the horses from the house-door; she ran to the window, but he was gone!—then she lost further consciousness in the arms of Malcolm's mother. The remainder of that miserable day Jeannie spent on her knees; for only by praying for her husband could she quell those transports of sorrow, which frightened her at herself, and threatened additional woe to her helpless babes. Let those who would too severely arraign her for such excess of grief, remember that Jeannie was a wife and a mother, and barely nineteen; an age at which few of us have learned the hard art of stilling the nerve whence agony is born, and at which fewer attain to greater progress in Christian virtue, than to a sincere belief of resignation being our duty, coupled with very imperfect practice of the duty so acknowledged.

*(To be continued.)*

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### A CARRIAGE AND A MARRIAGE.

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"I AM extremely sorry to hear of Mr. Bellair's loss in this affair of the lead-mines," said Mrs. Eyre to her neighbour Mrs. Seton; "for although it will not injure his fortune so as to affect his personal comforts and respectability, yet it will forbid him to increase his style of living, even upon his marriage with your daughter, and prevent many little indulgences due to such an occasion."

"It will do more, my dear friend—it will compel him to discharge several servants, and even to lay down his carriage for the next three or four years—it is a terrible affair—oh! very terrible; it makes me quite wretched to think of it."

"But, dear madam," observed Caroline Eyre, in a soothing voice, "Mr. Bellair is so excellent and admirable a man (as well as handsome and accomplished) that, when Miss Seton is

married to him, she will not want to visit much, you know; and the little privations to which this loss will subject her, will give her only the greater opportunity of proving her regard for one who has been so constant a lover, and, but for his misfortunes, would be so generous a husband."

"But I have reason to fear my daughter will not take this opportunity—she is very beautiful, very fond of show and exhibition, and, at the same time, very prudent and anxious to secure the goods of fortune; and at this moment, Caroline, I am really in the extraordinary predicament of a mother fearful that her daughter should be too wise; for I love George Bellair as if he were my son; and should Maria break off the match, my grief would be little short of his own."

This conversation passed as the parties met in the village where they all resided. As the widow, Mrs. Eyre, and her daughter returned homewards, the latter could not forbear often repeating the words, "break off the match; but how can she do that with a man who has loved her from her infancy, who waited for her three long years, because her health was so delicate; who promised to treble her small fortune in a settlement, and to receive her mother as his own? Besides, she is now richer than she was, her fortune will nearly make up his loss; she is in good health, and can manage her household; her beauty, her vivacity, her affection, will console him, and make him rejoice in the proof of the disinterested regard she is thus enabled to give him—break off the match! impossible."

But what the generous, tender Caroline held to be alike dishonourable and unnatural, the reflecting, calculating, world-loving Maria, after some struggling, found to be practicable. She loved Bellair as well as she could love any one; but she looked on this love as a weakness; and being fearful that it should influence her too much, at such a critical moment as the present, she assumed a coldness at their next meeting which could not fail to alarm the lover and wound him sensibly. An expostulatory letter ensued—his expressions were deemed offensive, his complaints injurious, and, to her own surprise, Maria found she had mustered the courage to break with the man who had been so long her betrothed husband; the lover it had been her pride and honour to have secured.

In order to confirm that which she termed an act of self-

conquest, she set out on a visit to an uncle, who highly praised her conduct, and predicted that she would soon get a much better match than Bellair could have been, in his more wealthy neighbourhood; especially when it was understood that she was intended to be his heiress. Notwithstanding this consolation, Maria did not find herself comfortable for a considerable time; for it is not easy to discard a virtuous, amiable, and generous man, even to a sordid heart; and Maria could not help often wondering how Bellair bore their separation, secretly desiring that he would seek to renew it. "He has wealthy uncles," she would say; "why does he not seek to interest them? if he would only say that he would keep me a carriage, I would yet marry him."

These sentiments were conveyed to the lover by her mother, who bitterly lamented all that had passed; but although smarting and writhing under the pangs which severed him from one who had so long been dear to him, his eyes were opened so far as to see that there could be no congeniality of feeling betwixt himself and her; and thence he concluded, that if the union of marriage brought them more intimately acquainted with each other, it would show to each what neither would approve. "How could his warm heart coalesce with her cold one? how could the integrity and prudence of his conduct be estimated by a woman, who for a bauble could sacrifice the man that would have sacrificed a world for her?"

These thoughts passing continually through his mind, at a time when her really-dazzling beauty ceased to have its wonted influence, enabled him to exert his energies, and, in a degree, to conquer his unhappy passion. He set out immediately for the Continent, resolved to investigate whatever was worthy of examination, having previously placed his affairs on such a footing as could not fail speedily to redeem the loss he had sustained—his heart was (as he knew but too well) deeply wounded, but he determined that it should not be irrecoverably lost, for the sake of one who could not estimate its value.

Meantime Maria received attentions so flattering to her vanity; she lived in such a constant round of visits and admirers, that she was little inclined to enter into a state with any one, which should preclude her from being the adored of many. To be "the observed of all observers," the leader of fashion, whose very absurdities were copied, whose words were re-

corded, whose looks were watched, and whose smiles were envied; was to her a source of greater pleasure and satisfaction than the quiet endearments of social intercourse with the chosen of her bosom. Still, however, she often confessed to her own heart, "that she had had more enjoyment with Bellair, in one half-hour, than the converse of the crowd had ministered to her during a long evening."

By degrees, these admirers fell off: the charm of novelty passed away; the views of the uncle for her got wind, and as it had been understood by all, that she had given up her person to his disposal for the sake of his property, those who had no hopes of impressing him in their favour soon withdrew; for few men will be found willing to court one of their own sex for property they do not want, and for a woman whose beauty is supposed to be offered in a legal way, to those whose rent-roll was the longest.

"Is it possible," at length thought Maria, "that my uncle should wish me to marry his friend, the yellow-faced old bachelor, who is here so constantly? He has become amazingly dressy of late, and I find myself, I know not how, continually consigned to his care. He is now furnishing his house, and I am wearied with hearing of the improvements in his garden; surely he cannot be so ridiculous as to think I shall ever become their mistress?"

But it was certain the idea had struck both these "reverend seigniors," and they were proceeding to act upon it with all the deliberate propriety, and necessary caution, which became an affair of so much importance; and before the prudent Maria had even dreamt of the possibility of such an union, the world had decreed her to the sacrifice, and she was surrounded by toils, invisible, and slight in appearance, but yet of such a nature as to prove, eventually, binding.

B.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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#### WOMAN'S CLAIMS.

If promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured, because they can't return it.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## TRAVELS.

**LETTERS FROM THE EAST.**, by John Carne, Esq. London. 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.—Notwithstanding the interest excited by recent events in the western hemisphere, we shall not, perhaps, deviate from strict truth, if we affirm that these fade in interest and importance when compared with the present state of the Eastern world. This portion of the globe has been the scene of the most wonderful events recorded in the pages of ancient history. Here the human race first breathed the breath of life. Here the great monarchies of antiquity displayed their power, pomp, and glory. Here proud Babylon sat as the queen of the nations. Here, “from Carmel's cliffs to Almetani's tide,” Palestine spread her plains of richest verdure, and displayed her steel-clad might: here

In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,  
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :  
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,  
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.

Here science dawned, gradually growing to maturity, and perfection—

When Tyber slept beneath the Cypress gloom,  
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;  
Or 'ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,  
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone.

Nor is this interest excited merely by a review of her departed glory, and pristine power. Though the sun of Asiatic glory be dimmed; though superstition and ignorance have desolated and degraded her fairest plains, and dethroned her power; the predictions of prophecy, illustrated by the events of daily experience, proclaim that ere long her sun will shine forth with renovated splendour and brighter effulgence, though the harp of Judah be mournfully suspended on the willows which overhang the waters of Babylon; though Salem weep tears of bitterness, and her glory lie prostrate in the dust.

Yet shall she rise; but not by war restor'd  
Not built in murder, planted by the sword,—  
For Hope, soft smiling, lifts her seraph form,  
And points to sun-bright days, beyond the storm.

It would be difficult to determine whether the East be more interesting to the contemplation of a statesman or a philanthropist. There is a progress of the human mind which accelerates as it proceeds; and which, meet what impediments it may, will ultimately win its own way, and secure its own superiority. Thus is it with Asia. Christianity and growing intercourse with the civilized world, have excited in her a spirit of enquiry which will, despite of opposition and difficulty, gradually spread, subverting her ancient superstitions, and awakening her powers from their

long and dreary slumber. Knowledge and religion are the friends of freedom: and freedom is the birth-right of man. The hand of power, or ignorance, may, for a season, bow down in sullen submission, or chilly gloom, the mental faculties, and paralyze even the vigorous powers of the body; but when the influence of truth begins to operate, the oppressed "will burst their brazen bonds, and cast their cords away." Tyranny and truth, religion and oppression, can never exist together. Asia, we doubt not, is the destined theatre of great events. She cannot, in the nature of things, remain in her present abject condition. The light of truth is gradually dawning over her gloomy hills of darkness—even now the rosy tints of morning glow in the eastern sky; and the more perfect day will soon open upon the world. The sons of Asiatic luxury will throw off their degrading effeminacy and listlessness, and, emulous of the glory that once shed its lustre over their native land, rise to vindicate that new-born liberty which now only they have learned to prize. A new era awaits a regenerated world. She who, ere now, fast "slept in Cashmere's fairy bowers," shall shake off her degrading weakness, and arise to deeds worthy of immortality. What influence such conduct may have on the general aspect of mundane affairs, it is not for us to say: but that the regeneration of the east will have a mighty influence on the political relations, and moral condition of the world at large, there can be no doubt. We look with intense anxiety to the gradual developement of that influence. In the mean time, we eagerly embrace every means and opportunity of becoming acquainted with a country and a people destined, we doubt not, in the councils of Providence, to great and mighty purposes. Clarke, Buckingham, Barrow, Buchanan, Morier, &c. have severally given to the world much valuable information respecting the various countries over which they travelled: and the volume before us is not destitute of interest or information; though it displays no profound research, or learned disquisition. It is written in a familiar, easy style; and conveys just so much of description both of persons and places, as tends to give a tolerable idea of their real state; hence we cannot but feel pleasure as we proceed, as the mind is perpetually kept duly supplied with pleasing information, though it is never put to the pain or trouble of much deep reflection.

The description of Constantinople in the second letter, is correctly given, but it wants energy and spirit. Whoever knows aught of the site of this city, must know that it exceeds in beauty, situation, and convenience, that of any capital in the world. Placed between two extensive seas, and seated on the very banks of the Bosphorus, it is unrivalled in the loveliness of its scenery, and in the advantages of its locality. The breezes which waft spicy odours from the neighbouring shores, cool and refresh the city; whilst the eye and the mind are alike delighted as we behold the gilded minarets of Sulimanich, or gaze with ecstacy on the majestic shores of Asia. But all these advantages and beauties are completely lost upon

this degraded people: they know not how either to appreciate or to enjoy them.

Those who feel an interest (as who does not?) in the present struggle of Greece for liberty, will read with feelings of painful regret the too-faithful description of the sufferings of Scio. It is to be hoped that the great Powers of Europe will demand of Turkey the termination of this war of extermination. Enough, and more than enough, has been sacrificed to passion, and revenge. The sufferings of Greece have more than purchased liberty—here, the scholar will remember that the Mæonian Bard sung the siege of Troy and the anger of the gods.

Leaving Scio, our traveller proceeded to Smyrna, and from thence, crossing the Mediterranean, to Alexandria and Cairo. A visit to the Pyramids, is described with, we think, too much minuteness, considering that they have been so often and so well described before. Belzoni's narrative has left little to be told on this subject. Whether we are to consider them as mausoleums of the dead, or monuments of Egypt's tyranny and pride, Mr. Carne does not determine,—the question remains therefore unexplained, and, perhaps, unexplicable. Our limits compel us to pass over much that is both curious and interesting; yet we cannot but offer our acknowledgments for the very correct and impartial account which Mr. Carne has given of our eccentric countrywoman, Lady Hester Stanhope. This lady, it is generally known, refuses all intercourse with travellers of her own nation, and has become a naturalized citizen of Sidon in Palestine. Her story will be found both romantic and interesting.

Our author's visit to Jerusalem and the neighbouring country, is described with a truth and feeling which merit our highest praise: We remember nothing more interesting, if we except Joliffe's "Letters from Palestine." We are reminded, continually, that the ground whereon we stand is holy. Every thing described recalls the recollection of scenes whose glory is indeed departed, but upon which there yet lingers a mournful beauty and a deep interest. The now naked mountain, the untrodden plain, the voiceless shore, assume, in our author's description, their former life and beauty; and waft back to almost forgotten ages, the mind and feelings of those who love to contemplate the wanderings and sojournings of the "Friend of Man."

The Portrait of the Venerable Cyprian is most interesting. We are very forcibly reminded by it of those better days when the highest of ecclesiastics were objects of veneration and love rather for their virtues than their rank: and when the appellation of "Father in God," was truly descriptive of the venerable character and conduct of the episcopal rank. The extensive charity, the true benevolence, the meekness, the fortitude, the self-possession of this venerated prelate, were an honour to himself and a blessing to his flock. We feel our disgust excited at the barbarity and cruelty which could doom so good and so unoffending a man to premature death.—

We know nothing, in modern history, so truly affecting as the account of this Prelate's murder.—The circumstances attendant on it were such as could not fail to make a deep impression on every, but a Turkish, heart; and Mr. Carne has recorded them in a manner most feeling and impressive.

There is yet much worthy of notice and commendation in these volumes upon which our space will not allow us to touch: we have exhausted our limits, but not our subject. In recommending these volumes to our readers, we discharge our duty not less to them than to the author: they are, certainly, not faultless, but they are highly interesting, and fraught with information. The style is, in some parts, very abrupt, and far from pleasing; but, generally, it preserves an uniform interest, and is well calculated to obtain the reader's attention. In what particulars the second edition may be preferable to its predecessor, we have no means of accurately determining; but we believe that, in the variety and extent of its information, it will be found much its superior. We now close our notice of these volumes, thankful for the pleasure they have offered us, and gratified by the varied information they have imparted.

#### NOVELS.

HONOR O'HARA; a Novel, in 3 vols. By Miss A. M. Porter. London, 1826.

In opening these volumes, ours were feelings of mingled pleasure and regret. The writer of Jeannie Halliday can never claim our notice, but with respect and gratitude; for, had Miss Porter's reputation been based on that one tale only, it could not fail, in our opinion, to have sustained it well. To hold converse, again, with the mind of such a writer, and to follow events and circumstances traced by such a pen, is no slight pleasure, no unenviable privilege. We took up the work now before us, with anticipations of the most pleasing kind; nor have we been disappointed, save in the opening announcement of the preface, which tells of afflictions and sorrows, from which, if either virtue or talents could shield mankind, its author had escaped. That this "night of darkness" may for ever pass away, and be succeeded by a day unclouded by affliction or care, is our sincere wish, not less for the sake of the reading public, than the amiable writer herself.

But our readers will require that we impart to them, not only our pleasurable feelings, but the circumstances to which we owe them: we, therefore, advert, at once, to the heroine of the work. Honoria O'Hara, the orphan niece of the Rev. Mr. Meredith, a north country rector, who had spent her earliest years with an aunt, in Ireland, at whose death, she became the protégé of the rector and his lady. She is introduced to us, as an active, lively girl, of a singularly graceful form; who could draw; and sing, as wood-larks do, sweetly and wildly, and could accompany herself in a self-taught way, upon the Irish harp. Honoria possessed a really benevolent disposition; was ever a friend to the poor, encouragin

them to mutual friendliness, activity, humanity, and cleanliness. Such, in few words, is the heroine of our story.

The hero of the tale is found in Captain Fitz Arthur, the eldest son of a baronet, who, by too great generosity, and unbounded hospitality, has very deeply involved himself in debt, mortgaged his property, and nearly ruined his heirs. The Captain, on his return, as an invalid, from India, finding every thing at the old castle dilapidated and ruined, earnestly commences a reformation, dismissing unfaithful and useless servants, selling the hounds, scrutinizing the bills, and putting all things on "a peace establishment." The ruin of the family is thus averted, while its real respectability and comforts are augmented. In gratitude for his son's disinterested, generous, and prudent conduct, Sir Everard makes over to his son a disencumbered estate, with the expressed wish, that, with this provision, he would think of a settlement in life; at the same time recommending to his notice, Honoria O'Hara, to whom the baronet, himself, takes an opportunity of breaking the matter. Honoria, however, gave a decided refusal; not from indifference to Delaval, but from a foolish feeling of her own insignificance and humble rank. The refusal proved no small disappointment to all—but upon poor Honoria herself, it operated most painfully. Unconscious of the strength of her own attachment to the Captain, she little anticipated the subsequent keenness of her regret, or the bitterness of her sorrow. By a variety of fortunate occurrences, she is drawn from the obscurity of her uncle's house, and by association with persons of high rank, education, and accomplished and graceful manners, our little Irish girl gradually loses her rusticity and bashfulness, and becomes an agreeable, lively, and sensible woman. As the baronet's proposal, and Honoria's refusal were known only to the parties themselves, Delaval's subsequent depression of spirits, is attributed, by the gossips of the neighbourhood, to any and every cause but the right one; and a suitable bride, in the person of Miss Clavering, a young lady of large fortune, is generously, and by common consent, allotted to him. The folly and inutility of such allotments, is proved by the issue of the story, which gives Miss Clavering to Lord Francis Fitzjames, and Honoria to Delaval.

The plot of this novel, is not, we think, sufficiently simple; or rather, it is overclouded by the unnecessary multiplication of unimportant persons and occurrences. The multitude of characters introduced being very confusing, especially in the second volume.—The leading characters are, however, well and skilfully drawn. The old Baronet, Hetty Macready, Mrs. Shafton, the Dean, Lady Wearmouth, and several others, introduced, are not strangers to us,—we have met them, often, in real life.

In the third volume, we recognize the hand that traced, with so much feeling and delicacy, the history of Jeannie Halliday. To the sentiments which it breathes, we offer our unqualified approval and to the ta-

lents which it manifests, the homage of our admiration. Good sense, correct feeling, an accurate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and a delicate propriety, distinguish and adorn it. It has not, indeed, the bustle and the hurry of its predecessor, but it contains what is infinitely better, lessons of sound sense, and maxims of real wisdom. If such novels meet acceptance from the world, we shall, really, think more favourably of the age than we have been wont to do.

We had marked some particular passages, to which we had intended to have directed the reader's attention; but our limits forbid us the indulgence.

**THE FIRST AND LAST YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.** 4 vols.  
London, 1826.

If the perfection of a novel consist in accurate delineation of character, we must acknowledge, that, since Miss Edgeworth's Castle Rack-rent, we have met with none deserving more praise than this, in which our Hibernian fellow-subjects are most strikingly, and most faithfully depicted. It is possible that the features of the national character, and the excited feelings of the Irish, may be so strongly and so broadly traced, as to give the work too much of a political cast, and to induce it to be considered as a party book; which we should regret, as being likely to limit its circulation. The heroine of the story, is the daughter of the Earl of Mortimer, married to an Irish baronet, who has succeeded to the title on the death of his brother. This lady is a compound of whatever is disagreeable in private life: proud, capricious, petulant, and bigotted, she contrives to incense her father, and to alienate her husband. Such are the first years of her married life. Reformation and good conduct mark its close. An heir of his brother's, discovered in the person of Terence, who proves to be his nephew, assumes the title and inherits the estates; for the loss of which, the Baronet is more than compensated, by succeeding to an earldom, with vast property. Terence, now become Sir Terence, marries the earl's daughter, who, with her father and mother, becomes a blessing to Ireland. The plan of the story is simple; and the materials, which are but scanty, are so judiciously used, that it is not, on the whole, deficient in interest. We recommend the book, saving its political bias, as calculated to afford amusement, and to give a tolerably fair specimen of Irish justices, party priests, and ignorant peasantry.

**POETRY.**

**CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR,** a Masque for the Fire-Side.  
London, 1827.

This little poem possesses enough of merit to prove a very pleasing and interesting Christmas gift, among our little holiday folks; nor will it be found unworthy of the graver mammas, papas, uncles and aunts, who, at this festive season, renew, in the social circle, the remembrance

of their own youth; and, in the innocent gaiety and rational amusements of their offspring, revive the memory of those scenes which are associated with the happiest recollections of their own lives.

**FOSCARI, a Tragedy.** By Miss Mitford.

The success which has attended the representation of this tragedy, will, we doubt not, excite a desire in the minds of the public to read, if they cannot see, it. It is seldom that what delights when acted, pleases equally when read; but such is the excellence of this effort of Miss Mitford's pen, that, we doubt not, its acceptation in the closet will be equally gratifying with that which has attended its public representation.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**FRIENDSHIP's OFFERING.** By T. K. Hervey. London, 1827.

This is one of the best of those beautiful annuals which combine the beauties of modern literature with the highest embellishments of art. The literary compositions need not fear comparison with those of any similar work now published; and the engravings have the rare merit of uniting the highest excellence both of painting and engraving. We doubt not the public patronage will amply reward the talents of the editor, and the liberality of the publisher.

**LITERARY SOUVENIR; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.** By A. A. Watts. London, 1827.

We should have greatly and sincerely regretted, if the circumstances alluded to in the preface to this volume, had prevented its appearance. We confess we were among those upon whom the reports of the interested had operated so far as to excite our anticipation of disappointment; but, thanks to the indefatigable industry and perseverance of the editor, every difficulty has been more than surmounted; and a volume of the highest character, both for literary and graphic excellence, claims our admiration and thanks.

**THE AMULET; or Christian and Literary Remembrancer, for 1827.**

This is the youngest of that class of periodicals to which it belongs, and which was originally and specially intended for the more serious members of society, who might wish to possess the elegant decorations of art, associated with the literary contributions of genius of a strictly religious character. The design meets, most fully, with our approbation and good wishes. We desire, greatly, that the religious should be a well-informed world; being convinced that the highest piety is not incompatible with the soundest learning; but, on the contrary, sheds lustre on the most accomplished mind. Our feelings, therefore, are most decidedly in unison with the design of this elegant volume; but we regret that we cannot accord to its execution, that praise which we could desire. The engravings are, indeed, of a very superior nature; but we are unable, so heartily, to commend the letter-press contributions; of which, we must

acknowledge, that, with very few exceptions, the writers are of very obscure, or inferior rank, in the literary world. We have, however, selected some specimens, which we shall offer to the judgment of our readers. Although not, perhaps, designed for the highest class of readers, we deem the Amulet no unwelcome or inappropriate Christmas present to female youth.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND COOKERY, FOR RICH AND POOR.

By a Lady. London, 1827.

“Man,” says the poet, “wants but little here below;” yet we know that poetry is fiction; for very different are the opinion and the experience of the world. The wants of man are various, numerous, and boundless; putting in requisition the skill and the labour of mechanics, manufacturers, and domestics. And to such an extent have these, at length, been carried, that, to supply the merely animal necessities of the human species, is the province of a profession, and the study of a life. Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchener had, we imagined, gained such undivided and complete sway over the housekeeper’s confidence and judgment, and were so deemed her infallible oracles, that we cannot but wonder at the temerity of “a lady,” who ventures to intrude into the sacred territory, and to contest with these veterans, on their own soil, for the palm of Victory. We have, ourselves, dined at Guildhall, the Freemasons, the London, the Albion, and other places, where good cheer and good cookery are found, and can, therefore, pretty accurately judge when the soup is well flavoured, and the venison fine; yet, gentle reader, forgive the confession, we know nothing of the process by which the one is rendered so delicious, and the other so tender. We have deemed it below the dignity of authorship, and unworthy the disciples of Apollo, to grovel in the mysteries of gastronomy, and the *arcana* of the kitchen. We, indeed, minister to the wants of man, but, be it known, only to those of his higher and better nature. We disdain every thing but what is mental, sublime, and rational; it cannot, therefore, be reasonably expected of us to pronounce an opinion of the mode and manner of making, and the ingredients and quantities required for ‘rich gravies,’ ‘delicious soups,’ ‘well-seasoned fricasses,’ ‘family stews,’ ‘mulakatanees,’ ‘sweet pillaus,’ ‘cubbubs,’ ‘yahourt,’ ‘cuscusson,’ ‘sweet yaughs,’ and other such-like hard-named things: but we can say, that though we know not what credit may belong to her ‘receipts,’ much attaches to her very sensible and judicious ‘Introduction;’ in which so much good sense and practical wisdom are displayed, that we are induced to infer, that the same prudence and discretion may be found to prevail in the other parts of the volume, and to render the whole worthy of the public notice and patronage.

Pledge of Friendship for 1827,—Times Telescope for 1827,—Christmas Trifles, by Mrs. Reeve,—and Tales of the O’Hara Family, second series, are received; but too late for notice till our next.





# Fashionable Ball & Promenade Dresses for -

Invented by Miss Tropic, Edward Street, Finsbury.

Pub. Decr. 22d 20, by Davis & Murray, Threadneedle Street.

THE  
**MIRROR OF FASHION,**  
FOR DECEMBER, 1826.

**PROMENADE-DRESS.**

A **PELISSE** of myrtle-green *gros de Naples*: the sleeves are ornamented with two small capes of the same material, with vandyked points, edged with satin: rich silk tassels from the shoulder form the bust, and are continued down each side, to the deep Chinchilla trimming, which finishes the skirt.—Bonnet of lavender-coloured silk, trimmed with riband and satin, of the same hue. A cap of Valenciennes lace, fastened with pale pink gauze riband.—Lemon-coloured gloves, and Chinchilla muff, finish this elegant out-door costume.

**BALL-DRESS.**

A **SKIRT** of deep rose-coloured French net, of moderate length, ornamented with a full, but novel trimming of the same material and satin, surmounted, on the right side, by two bouquets of white and blue flowers; a double rouleau finishing the bottom of the dress.

The boddice corresponds in materials of trimming; but the bust and sleeves are finished by a narrow vandyked edging of blond lace, of the most delicate pattern.—Ornaments: pearl cable necklace, gold chain, and bracelets of blue and gold next the hands.

**HEAD-DRESS.**—In the fashionable Head-dress for the present season, the front hair is drest in large light curls divided in the centre: large Parisian bows, interspersed with full-blown roses brought rather forward, is the most approved style; but many ladies still continue the use of coloured gauze; which, tastefully introduced, produce an elegant effect. Ribands of various colours are much in favour, introduced between the bows and the larger front curls.

We are this month, as usual, indebted for these tasteful dresses to **MISS PIERPOINT**, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the head-dress to **MR. COLLEY**, Bishopsgate-within.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

WINTER has now commenced, and has brought with it a corresponding change in female attire. Merino cloaks, with long fur tippets, and muffs of ermine, sable, and Chinchilla, are in high estimation. Pelisses of fine cloth, elegantly and lightly braided, are also making their appearance: the favourite colours are, hermit-brown, and dark-green: they are made to fit close to the bust, and the collar is rather narrow, standing up: the bust is finished with plumage; as are likewise the cuffs. Cachemire shawls are invariably worn over silk pelisses; as are also wadded mantles over high dresses of sarsnet, or *gros de Naples*.

Hats of black velvet, ornamented with large puffings of velvet and satin, intermixed with coloured flowers, are much worn. Bonnets for walking, are of coloured sarsnet, made very large, and elegantly trimmed with broad variegated riband, intermixed with winter flowers. Hats of black satin are partially worn: they are ornamented with a rich plume of uncurled feathers; the strings are in a loop of broad satin riband.

Home dresses of *gros de Naples* made high, with wide sleeves, are much in favour: the skirt is simply trimmed with two narrow rouleaux. Cabinets, and poplins, will be very much worn this winter: those which have already appeared for home costume, are made half-high, and trimmed with a single broad flounce; over which is a trimming, put on in a wave, of the same material, very full: the sleeves are *en gigot*, without any ornament, and are confined at the wrists with gold bracelets. A dinner dress of corn-flower-blue *gros de Naples*, has been much admired. It was trimmed with two pointed flounces, and bound at the edges with satin, in bias. The body was made *en gerbe*, with full long sleeves of tulle, finished at the wrists with long antique points of blue *gros de Naples*, edged with narrow blond, and confined with broad gold bracelets. Striped silks are very prevalent for afternoon dresses; they are trimmed with a broad bias fold; the body is made partially low, with white sleeves of muslin or crape.

The caps for home costume have long strings, or lappets floating, of broad riband, edged round with narrow blond. Small caps of blond, ornamented with flowers, are much worn in half-dress. The morning cornettes are of fine lace, ornamented

with coloured gauze ribands. Turbans are of the *beret* kind. An ornament of pearls is generally worn in front, in full dress, with a bird of Paradise plume floating over the left side. Wreaths of roses and jessamine, or knots of riband, are favourite ornaments on the hair of young persons. Toques, composed of narrow rouleaux of white satin, are an elegant novelty, covering little more than one side of the hair: a few flat, short feathers, constitute the ornaments.

The most fashionable colours are, pomona green, celestial blue, cinnamon-brown, and pink.

### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

CHINCHILLA, ermine, and other valuable furs, are now beginning to be removed from the perfumed boxes, where they have lain secure from the ravages of those insects which destroy their beauty. The pelerines with points again maintain their favour.

We have already seen, in a brilliant equipage, a very beautiful female enveloped like a native of Siberia: the large collar of her plaid cloak was entirely composed of fur, as well as the standing collar. A large sleeve, which she held up before her face, served to preserve her delicate features from the effects of the cold.

Dresses of black velvet are very prevalent for morning visits; they are trimmed with black satin, in bias. A black velvet hat, ornamented with large rosettes of satin, and two black *aigrettes*, complete this elegant *negligé*.

Walking dresses of Merino Caroline, with Calimanco stripes, are increasing in favour: they are trimmed with two rows of flounces of the same material. The body is made low, and folds over the front, forming a stomacher; underneath is a full white muslin tucker. Merino dresses, embroidered with plain silk, are always in vogue. They have the advantage over the Scotch plaid, not to be so generally adopted; the fineness of their texture, and the richness of their manufacture, obtain for them a price which is not within the reach of every one. *Polonaise* sleeves will be much worn this winter on the witchoura fur; these sleeves are extremely large and lined with fur.

Velvet and satin hats maintain their accustomed pre-eminence

at this season of the year. Knots of plain riband are placed between satin or velvet bias, which cover the front of the head. Sometimes, instead of a knot, three *aigrettes* of black plumes are placed; half of which forming the middle, is of yellow, rose, or fire colour. The prettiest, or at least the newest, trimming for black hats, is composed of rich ribands of black satin, shaded only on one side by lively and striking colours, such as fire colour, pomona green, and yellow.—Very beautiful hats of black satin, quadrilled with large stripes of black velvet, are worn in half-toilet; but the most beautiful hat we have seen, was of a very fine satin bird of Paradise colour, embroidered with black. The ribands were half satin, of the same shade as the hat, and half black, quadrilled with yellow; a blond of half length surrounding the brim, and forming a double row at the side.

Ball dresses of white muslin, ornamented with three rows of broad sarsnet riband, are in great favour. The *ceinture* is entirely composed of riband. For the head-dress, the ribands are placed in points, and confined with a quilling band, intermixed with bows of hair.

Green tea colour is the principal favourite for morning-dresses; but young ladies always give the preference to those which please so much at an early age. The blue, and those fresh and lively colours, the rose, intermix with light gauze for ball-dresses.

Berets, Bolivar hats, and toques, are still in favour; particularly the first. Small dress caps have bows and strings of gauze riband, with a Greek cross stamped upon it: to this are added branches of myrtle. Ribands, either in puffings or bows, form a favorite ornament on the hair, when it is well arranged, for the evening party. The dress hats worn at the theatres, are placed very much on one side: they are of white crape, with floating strings of white riband, and elegant short plumage, composed of several marabouts, which nearly encircle the crown.

THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

**LOVE AND DUTY.**

**A Rural Sketch.**

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARRY WILSON.

Shall she quit her fair home, and its peaceful bowers,  
Where the sunny light peeps through the jasmine flowers,  
The home of her heart, in its earliest truth,  
To follow the steps of a stranger youth,  
The world's wide wandering pathway through?  
What will not maids, when Love leads them, do!

'Twas summer evening's soft and shadowy calm,  
When a fair-haired and graceful village girl,  
Upon whose gentle cheek the ripening rose  
Had scarcely blush'd to womanhood, stole forth  
From the fond shelter of her father's cot,  
To meet the youth she loved.—The trysting place  
Seemed a fit spot, chosen by Nature's self,  
For Love to build his shrine in: overhead  
The sweet briar and wild honeysuckle twined  
Their scented blossoms; while young flowrets round,  
The blue-tipped violet and the heath-bell pale,  
(As if to add more fragrance to a scene,  
Where Nature had been prodigal of sweets),  
Gave, like some youthful beauty, coyly kind,  
Their dewy perfume to the wooing breeze,  
That kissed them as it passed!

At this still hour,

When nothing, save the nightingale, was heard  
Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came  
With noiseless step, gliding unmarr'd along,  
To join her soldier lover! He was one,  
Who to the pomp and circumstance of war,  
And the fond eloquence that woman prize,  
Owed many a village conquest: nobly born,  
And ranking with the lofty ones of earth,  
Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower,  
And having snatch'd it from the parent stem,  
To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,

Leave it to droop and perish.—Light of mood,  
Light too of love, was he, and oft would make,  
With gay companions, o'er the festal board,  
Such griefs a theme for merriment.—This eve,  
The last that would behold him in these shades,  
(For war had waved her crimson banner high,  
And call'd her sons to arms), this very eve,  
Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world,  
Blushing to mark its follies, she had sworn—  
She, who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs,  
That drop their honeyed blossoms on her head—  
To share a soldier's fortunes; though she knew,  
For quickly comes such knowledge to the heart,  
She could be his by none but guilty ties—  
Ties Virtue may not sanction!

As she stood

On the appointed spot, in pensive mood,  
Listening the well-known footstep—her blue eyes  
Bent on the earth, her finger on her lip,  
In silent contemplation—midst the leaves  
A gentler rustling stirred: not his the step,  
Nor his the touch that met her drooping hand,  
And roused her musing fancy: but she turned,  
And at her side beheld an humble friend,  
The dumb attendant on her infant sports,  
Whose shaggy neck, in childhood's blameless years,  
She oft had wreath'd with flowers:—his presence now,  
As with caressing joy he greeted her,  
Waked feelings stifled long but unsubdued!  
How oft in life the simplest incidents,  
A word, a look, a tone, at once recal,  
Striking some answering chord within the soul,  
The wanderer back to virtue; or arrest  
Vice in her mad career! O'er Lelias' heart  
Such feelings now held empire:—when a child,  
A fearless, happy, laughter-loving thing,  
Reaching for water-lilies in the stream,  
Its faithless bank gave way; ere any saw,  
Ere any guess'd her danger, Tray had borne  
His little mistress dripping to the shore,  
Pale as the flowers she sought for. Thought of this  
Brought thoughts of others with it. How, alas!  
How shall her trembling, swelling heart decide

'Twixt Love and Duty? shall she cling to Him,  
And fearless follow on, through distant climes,  
War's chequered prospects? Love has mighty pow'rs;  
But Duty's still, small voice pleads in her soul  
With greater eloquence. At Nature's bidding,  
A thousand tender, gentle thoughts arise  
To win her from such purpose: now they steal,  
Like distant music, o'er her struggling heart,  
And melt it into softness. Memory, too,  
(Memory, the potent sorceress, who keeps  
The golden key that opes the gate of tears),  
Tries her kind influence—leads the doubting maid,  
Untwisting many a thread of tangled thought,  
Back to the pleasures of her cottage-home;  
Painting in glowing tints to Fancy's eye  
Joys she would sigh to leave—the rustic dance  
To the brisk pipe upon the village green,  
At summer's sunset hour; the merry tale,  
Or sportive jest, told o'er the social fire,  
When wintry torrents fall.

Then shifts the scene,  
And lo! the sterner attributes of war—  
The field of carnage, and the bed of death  
Rise to her mental sight; with all the wants,  
The wasting cares, indignities, and woes,  
That women, never meant to share such toils,  
Following a camp, must suffer! Then again,  
As busy Fancy plies her skilful loom,  
Weaving the griefs of many years to come  
Into a moment's space, again she sees  
Tears (and the bitt'rest tears that man can shed)  
Wept for a daughter's shame, in eyes that once  
Gleamed with affection's pride! Those hallowed lids,  
Whose morning prayer, whose nightly orison,  
Breathed o'er her head new blessings, shall they grow  
Wither'd and pale with curses? shall the heart  
That did enshrine her as a precious gem,  
And own no other treasure, live to feel  
Its milk of love turn'd into bitter gall,  
Loathing a child's dishonour? Ah—strange chance!  
Cupid, thou boasted archer! could thy dart  
Sever at once, as with a giant's stroke,  
Kind Nature's earliest ties? Happy the maid,

Who pausing upon Vice's flower-crown'd brink,  
 Feels that no lover, and no power in love,  
 Can pay her for a parent's banish'd smile,  
 Made stranger by her folly! Oh! did all  
 But feel as Lilius felt, there would not be  
 Wandering about our crime-fill'd, crowded streets,  
 So many wretched ones! The maiden fled,  
 Nor dared to trust her heart,—fled when she saw  
 A waving plume between the opening boughs,  
 Nor sought another glance; nor stay'd to view  
 One pleading look, nor hear one subtile sigh,  
 Convinced—the maid who hesitates—is lost!

### CHRISTMAS.

MAIDENS, now your skill attest,  
 Ev'ry hand prepare the feast;  
 Rich plum-pudding, sweet mince-pie,  
 For our youthful company.

Haste! for in a chaise and four,  
 With white snow-flakes powdered o'er,  
 And a gorgeous livery'd train,  
 Christmas hastens o'er the plain.

His arrival now to greet,  
 We prepare this luscious treat;  
 Brothers, cousins, all are here,  
 To partake the mirthful cheer.

Maidens, now your skill attest,  
 Ev'ry hand prepare the feast;  
 Rich plum-pudding, sweet mince-pie,  
 For our youthful company.

Welcome, Christmas, welcome mirth,  
 Welcome to the blazing hearth!  
 Welcome to the joys of home!  
 Long expected Christmas—come.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An awkward Compliment—De Pomeroy, a Legend—Poetic Essay on Marriage, and other Poems, by M. L. D.—Communications from Miss Turner—Letters from a Country-Town Elegante—are received, and will meet early insertion.

We beg to say, compliance with the wish of "A Lady" was impracticable.—Her communication did not reach the Editor till the middle of last month; and even now he can give no promise on the subject.

The parcel from York is received.—A Private Letter, left as directed, will express our intentions.

# INDEX.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS, ESSAYS, TALES, NOVELS, ROMANCES, &c.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
<b>A</b>		<b>E</b>	
Arabian Hospitality .....	71	Editor, Letter to, from Mrs.	
Anecdote of the Right Hon.		Saveall .....	214
R. B. Sheridan, esq. ....	198	from Junius ..	192
Art of Beauty, extract from		<b>F</b>	
the .....	234	Fashion, or no Fashion .	15, 139
<b>B</b>		Fashion, Mirror of,	
Biographical Memoir of Carl		July .....	48
Marie Von Weber .....	1	August .....	111
Madame Pasta ....	61	September .....	170
Marie de Rabutin,		October .....	229
Marquise de Sevigne	181	November .....	289
James Northcote, esq. ....	241	December .....	345
Baronet, the; an Irish Tale	20	Friendship .....	329
79, 125		<b>G</b>	
Barber's Poles, origin of ..	43	Graphical Horse, a .....	308
<b>C</b>		<b>H</b>	
Caps, origin of .....	14	Hebrew Juvenile Repartee ..	156
Caviller refuted, the .....	36	Hamiltonian System of Edu-	
Cousins, Marriage of .....	70	cation, Junius's Letter on	
Canzade; a Turkish Frag-		the .....	192
ment .....	200	Horse-Racing in Italy, Me-	
Christmas, Remarks and Ob-		thod of .....	219
servations on the Customs		Haunted Mine; a German	
and Festivities of .....	301	tale .....	259, 325
— Anecdotes, illus-		Harrowgate Waters, effects	
trative of the Embellish-		and virtues of .....	270
ment .....	304		
Carriage, a, and a Marriage;			
a Sketch .....	333		

	Page		Page
<b>I</b>			
Infestation to prevent .....	282		
Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts,			
July .....	47		
August .....	110		
September .....	169		
October .....	228		
<b>J</b>			
Jeannie Halliday, a Scottish tale .....	193, 277, 330		
<b>L</b>			
Love, a tale; from the French	25		
Lady-Birds, great increase of	276		
<b>M</b>			
Macdonald's Cottage; a Scottish tale, 32, 85, 145, 205, 255, 309			
Maid of Africa; an Oriental tale .....	37, 65, 149		
Marie de Rabutin, Marquise de Savigne, Memoir of ..	181		
Marriage, (Prize) Essay on	246		
	313		
Monthly General Statement of Fashion, July .....	49		
August .....	112		
September .....	171		
October .....	230		
November .....	290		
December .....	346		
<b>N</b>			
Northcote, J. esq. R. N. Memoir of .....	241		
New Publications, Notices of,			
Biography 45, 105, 161, 283,			
Education .... 168, 224, 288			
Geography .....	44		
<b>O</b>			
Observer, Letter from, to the Editor .....	89		
October, its appearance in London and the Country contrasted .....	220		
<b>P</b>			
Pasta, Madame, Memoir of	61		
Pen, definition of .....	72		
PRIZE ESSAY, on Marriage; .....	246, 313		
Parisian Toilet; or prevailing Fashions of the French Metropolis; July .....	50		
August .....	113		
September .....	173		
October .....	232		
November .....	292		
December .....	347		
<b>S</b>			
Scenes in the East, 6, 100, 210, 255, 274			
Scenes on the Spot, or Paris in 1824; by Christopher Crayon, esq. 9, 73, 157, 186, 271			
Surgeons exempt from serving on Juries, origin of .....	99		

	Page		Page
T		V	
Turbans, origin of .....	19	Vassalage in England ....	31
T. W. Private Memoirs of ..	89	W	
Tabled'Hote, the ; a Sketch ; by M. M. ....	133	Weber, Carl Marie Von, Bio- graphical Memoir of ....	1
U		Wife, the ; a Sketch ; by D.D. 121	
Us, the Word, explained ..	144	Women's Claims .....	336

## POETRY.

	A		J
Apollonian Wreath, The		June, 1826, Verses on the	
July .....	54	Return of; by Hor. Dart	117
August .....	117	L	
September .....	176	Lines addressed to a River,	
October .....	235	by a Lover : translated from	
November .....	295	the Italian by a British	
December .....	349	Nobleman .....	178
Anna, Lines to .....	298	Love and Duty ; a rural	
C		Sketch ; by Mrs. Cornwell	
Charade, by J. M. Lacey ..	120	Barry Wilson .....	349
Charms of Nature ; by J. M.		M	
Lacey .....	297	Martyr Student, the ; by the	
Christmas, a Welcome to ..	352	Author of Dartmoor ....	295
E		P	
Eliza, Lines to .....	132	Pensiveness, Invocation to ;	
Expression, Lines on .....	299	by G. H. ....	60
G		Parting .....	300
Girdle, Lines on a .....	64	R	
Grave, the new-made .....	104	Recollection, Stanzas on ...	179
Grace G. to ; by E. M. ....	58	Rose, Poems by Jane Evans,	
H		extracts from .....	235
Highland Roy, to ; by Marian	56		

<i>Page</i>	<i>Page</i>
<b>S</b>	
Song; Up, Warrior, up ....	160
Stanzas, to One who can best understand them; by Valen- tia .....	57
Sorrow, Ode to; by Valentia	57
Sonnet, the Shoe Dagon Pa- goda, at Rangoon; by R. C. Campbell .....	119
— the Subaltern's Hill Picquet at Prome; by R. C. Campbell .....	179
Stanzas, to One who will best understand them .....	238
Solitary Recollections, by Marianne .....	239
Stanzas, by J. M. Lacey ..	240
<b>T</b>	
Twilight, Verses on, by Con- stance .....	55
Thunder-Storm, Verses on a; by S. B. ....	59
<b>V</b>	
Visions from the East, by R. Calder Campbell,	
Vision II .....	54
Valedictory Stanzas, written at Sea; by Valentia ....	177
<b>W</b>	
Wish, the .....	185
Wronged Maiden's Song, the; by Valentia .....	120
Woman, a Poem, by Barret, extracts from .....	176



sweet-ly it breathes in the midst of de - cay, 'Tho' its

blush-es are gone, it is dear-er to me, Than the

brightest that blow on their own na-tive tree. I



tre-a-sure its frag-ments, Tho' some-times a sigh Will



scat-ter their sweets as they faint - ly breathe by, For they



whis-per that all that is dear and di-vine, Like their

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is in G major (three sharps) and the bottom staff is in F major (one sharp). The bass staff, which is part of the same measure, is in C major (no sharps or flats). The music is in common time. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics: "fu - gi - tive beauties, but rise to de-cline." The bass line (bottom staff) provides harmonic support.

That life, like a rainbow, first gives to our view  
 Existence, imbued with each soft tinted hue ;  
 But they fade one by one, till the last glow has sank,  
 And our hearts become cold, and existence a blank.

Oh ! long before that may I sink to repose,  
 Nor linger to see the last beam o'er me close,  
 To be left a lorn mark on the desolate scene,  
 That merely points out where the waters *have been.*

They'll have ebb'd far away, and their bright tide no more  
 Will revisit the verdure that fades on the shore ;  
 The pale flowers perish, the last of their kind,  
 And leave not a wreck of their beauty behind.  
 Oh ! no, ere existence has quite lost its spring,  
 And my spirit yet rises on hope's buoyant wing,  
 May I fade from the sunshine, and leave a fond ray  
 To visit the grave, where I sink to decay.



*If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY THOMSON.

*Allegretto.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for a treble clef instrument (likely a flute or piccolo) in C major, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom two staves are for a bass clef instrument (likely a bassoon or cello) in C major, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom two staves are identical. The music is in common time. The vocal line is provided in the lyrics below the score.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r, Press

not the rich and state-ly bed; The new mown hay and

breathing flow'r, A soft-er couch beneath them spread. If

those who sit at shepherd's board, Soothe not their taste by

wan-ton art, They take what na - tures gifts af - ford, And

take it with a cheer-ful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;  
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
 And crown them with the village toast.  
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
 Gay dancing on the dasied ground,  
 Have not the splendor of a court,  
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

No. 1444.

*Breathe not again that dreadful Sound.*

## THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

*Affetuoso.*

[AIR—*Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.*

Breathe  
not a - gain that dread - ful word, That from your

lip so late - ly fell, Which then my ear with

nor - ror heard, It woke like dy - ing pas - sion's

knell! Chase not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which now has

lull'd my heart so long, Let not thy harp for-sake the  
 theme, In which it breath'd the soul of song.

Still smile, my love, as when the dream  
 Of passion woke that sunny ray,  
 Which melted like the western beam,  
 When daylight fades in dew away ;  
 Let my adoring eyes perceive  
 The smiles you gave, when love was young ;  
 Still let thy playful fancy weave  
 The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see  
 The truth in thy dissolving glance ;  
 Turn, turn, that languid eye to me,  
 And let its light my soul entrance ;  
 But if that bliss you now refuse,  
 And love no more can wake those charms,  
 Oh ! take me then, and let me lose  
 Existence in thy faithless arms.

*The balmy Odours of the Morn.*

THE BRIDESMAID'S SONG AND CHORUS FROM WEBER'S OPERA OF  
*DER FRIESCHUTZ.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

*Andant'no.*



8ves.



THE bal - my o-dours



of the morn al - rea - dy breathe a - long the grove, And

on the hill the ro - sy dawn Looks radiant as the

blush of love. Balm - y morn and beam - - y



skies, Say, why art thou dear? Say, why art thou

*Chos.*



dear. 'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes A-



'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes, A-

f.



wait me fond-ly here, A-wait me fond - ly here.

f.



f.



Ah ! see she rises to my view,  
 Like new-born light from clouds she springs ;  
 Did love e'er lie in eyes more blue ?  
 Her form but wants an angel's wings.  
 Sister seraphs well might steal  
 To view her from on high,  
 And deem she hid them, to conceal  
 She'd wander'd from the sky.

## No. XXX.



*Oh! Love is just like Gaming.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

*Allegretto.*

[AIR—*To Ladies' Eyes.*

OH! love is just like gam-ing, The world the pack, the

world the pack, The human mind in - flam-ing, With tort'ring Eyes.

rack, with tort'ring rack, Some hearts, like dice too tru-ly, On

uo-thing fix, on no-thing fix, While hands are tak-en



cool-y, And won by tricks, and won by tricks, Oh! love is



just like gaming, The world the pack, the world the pack, The



human mind in-flaming, With tort'ring rack, with tort'ring rack



The men, oh ! who will doubt it,  
 Are oft the *knaves*, are oft the *knaves* ;  
 But when we set about it,  
 We make them slaves, we make them slaves ;  
 But some are so unruly,  
 They will be *kings*, they will be *kings*,  
 And *king of clubs* too truly,  
 And such like things, and such like things.

The ladies all to Hymen's  
 Bright altars crowd, bright altars crowd,  
 Some to be *queen of diamonds*,  
 It is allow'd, it is allow'd ;  
 But such soon change their billing,  
 And call in aids, and call in aids,  
 And while their spouses killing,  
 Prove *queen of spades*, prove *queen of spades*.

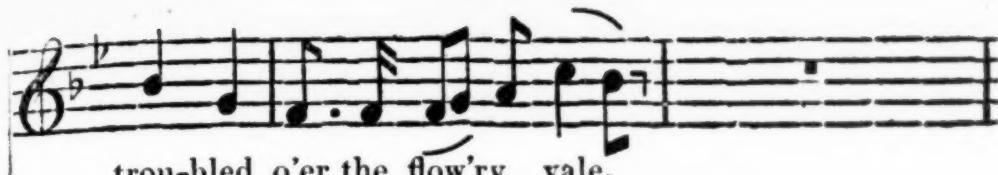
But those who prize the winning  
 Of real bliss, of real bliss,  
 Despise such sordid sinning,  
 As much amiss, as much amiss,  
 And seek those honors solely,  
 That love imparts, that love imparts  
 Ambitious to be wholly  
 The *queen of hearts*, the *queen of hearts*.

## Waters of Elle.

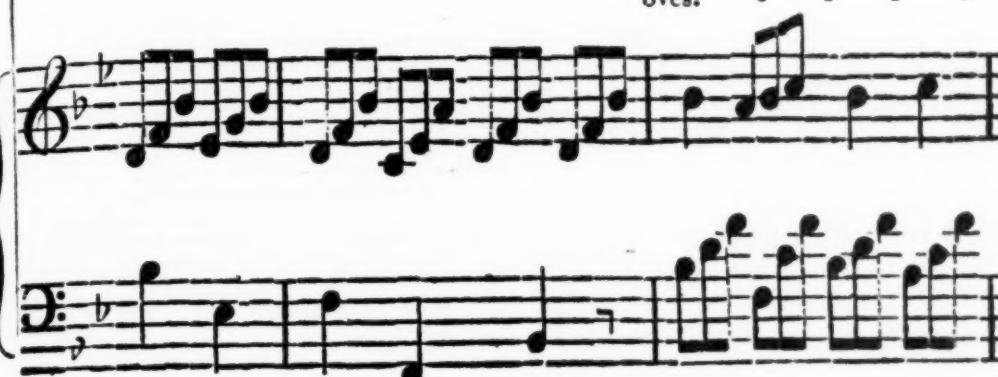
THE WORDS FROM GLENARVON, *adapted to a FRENCH AIR.**Affetuoso.*

WA-TERS of

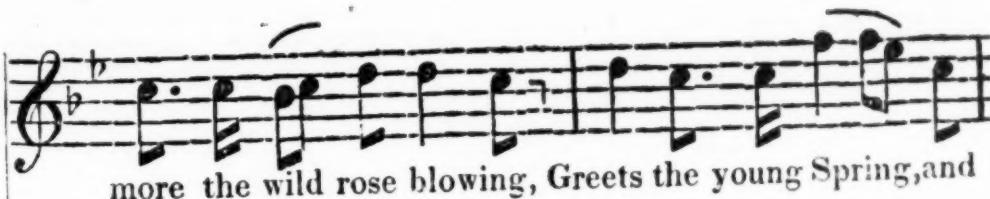
Elle, thy lim-pid streams are flow-ing, Smooth and un-



8ves.



On · thy green banks once



more the wild rose blowing, Greets the young Spring, and



Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing  
 One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to thee ;  
 " Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,  
 " Near to thy heart, in memory of me."

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded ;  
 Love's blighted flow'r, can never bloom again.  
 Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded,  
 Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

*O what ye wha that lo'es me.*

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

*Andante con Espressione.*

Andante con Espressione.

1. *O what ye wha that lo'es me,*  
*And has my heart a*

keep-ing, O sweet is she that lo'es me, As

dews of Sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-buds

steep-ing, O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My

las - sie e - ver dear - er, O that's the queen of

wo - man kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Ere while thy breast sae warming,  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming,  
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 O that's the queen of woman kind  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attention's plighted,  
 That ilka body talking,  
 But her, by thee is slighted,  
 And thou art all delighted,  
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 O that's the queen o' woman kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast met this fair one,  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her, thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken hearted :  
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 O that's the queen of woman kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

*When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.*

THE WORDS FROM SHENTONE'S PASTORALS.

*Andante con Espressione.*

[DR. ARNE.]

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by 'C') and common key (indicated by a 'C'). The third staff is in common time and common key. The fourth staff is in common time and common key. The fifth staff is in common time and common key. The sixth staff is in common time and common key. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

WHEN  
 forc'd from dear He - be to go, What an - guish !

felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not be  
 so, She was sor - ry to see me de - part, She cast such a  
 languish-ing view, My path I could scarce-ly dis-

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in F major, and the bottom staff in C major. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a brace on the left and a large brace on the right, with specific dynamics and harmonic changes marked above the staves.

cern, So sweet-ly she bade me a - dieu, I

thought that she bade me re - turn, I thought that she

bade me re - turn.



I thought she might like to retire  
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;  
 For whatever I heard her admire,  
 I hasten'd and planted it there.  
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,  
 Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways ;  
 I could lay down my life for the swain,  
 That would sing me a song in her praise.  
 While he sings, may the maids of the town  
 Come flocking, and listen awhile ;  
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown ;  
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

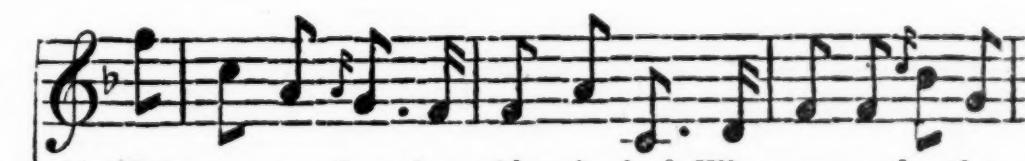
To see, when my charmer goes by,  
 Some Hermit peep out of his cell ;  
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
 How fondly he wishes her well.  
 On him she may smile if she please,  
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;  
 But cease, gentle Hebe, oh ! cease,  
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow  
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;  
 For what can a blossom bestow,  
 So sweet, so delightful as love.  
 I sing in a rusticai way,  
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;  
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay ;—  
 Go, Poets, and envy my song.

*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MISS PATON.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Allegretto.*

WHY weep ye by the tide, la-dy? Why weep ye by the





tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall



be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, la - dy, Sae



come-ly to be seen; But aye she loot the tears down

Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale,  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale.  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen ;  
 But aye she loot, &c.

“ O' chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettied hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfry fresh and fair ;  
 And you, the foremost of them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen.”  
 But aye she loot, &c.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
 The taper glimmer'd fair,  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her both by bower and ha'  
 The lady was not seen :  
 She's o'er the border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## No. xx.

## Sunshine on thy Pathway.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Andante

[AIR—*Tho' the last glimpse of Erin,*

SUNSHINE on thy pathway, My e -

bon-eyed Jane, Wher - e · ver you wan-der O'er

moun-tain or main. Smooth be the cur -

rent that wafts thee from me, And soft blow the

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The top system is in G major (two sharps) and the bottom system is in C major (no sharps or flats). Both systems use common time. The top system has a treble clef and the bottom system has a bass clef. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The top system has a repeat sign with a brace, indicating a repeat of the previous section. The bottom system also has a repeat sign with a brace, indicating a repeat of the previous section. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Lightly, dear maiden,  
 Thy bosom may prize  
 The vows of my breathing,  
 The glance of mine eyes.  
 Lightly thy heart may  
 Bound gaily and free,  
 Whilst mine must, uneasy,  
 Ache sadly for thee.

Yet blessings upon thee,  
 My light-footed fair,  
 Tho' for me or my fate  
 You confess not a care.  
 The star that in yonder  
 Bright heaven I see,  
 Is as lov'd of my soul  
 Tho' it beam not for me.

## No. XXX.

*Hush'd be Sorrow's Sigh.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

*Allegretto.*[AIR—*Norah Creina*.]

HUSH'D be sor-row's sigh to night, Let no tear of





grief be start-ing ; Joy a - lone shall lend her light, And

Musical notation for the second line of the song, featuring soprano and bass staves. The soprano staff consists of eighth notes. The bass staff consists of eighth notes.



bless the mo-ment of our part-ing. To so - li - tude be-

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, featuring soprano and bass staves. The soprano staff consists of eighth notes. The bass staff consists of eighth notes.



queath the sigh, For mem'ry's thrilling thoughts to sleep in, To

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song, featuring soprano and bass staves. The soprano staff consists of eighth notes. The bass staff consists of eighth notes.

night we meet, then why, oh ! why, Dim an hour of

bliss with weep - ing. Waves will roll beneath us soon,

Morns will rise, and we shall greet not; Reserve your tears till

Come, take the cup ; our only tears  
 Must be the ruby tears of pleasure ;  
 These few last moments are as years,  
 We cannot lose in woe the treasure.  
 Now let every thought of bliss,  
 Here in rich communion mee', love ;  
 Perchance we take a last, long kiss ;  
 Oh ! let that dear, last kiss be sweet, love.  
 Waves will roll, &c.

Oh ! let our parting hour be such  
 A brilliant moment of delight, love,  
 That rapture could not add a touch  
 Of joy, to make the hour more bright, love ;  
 That when afar, we dream again  
 On pleasure fled, or bliss departed,  
 One gem shall light the page of pain,  
 Remembrance of the eve we parted.  
 Waves shall roll, &c.

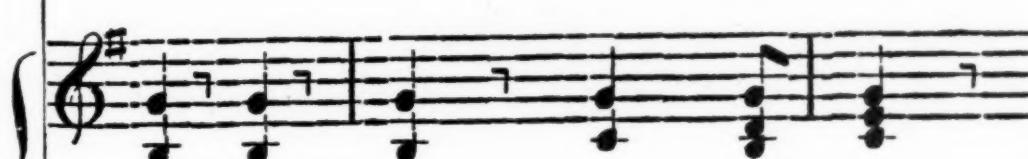
*All the blue Bonnets are over the Border.*

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

With Spirit.



8ves.





din-na ye march, Forward in or - der, March, march,

Eskdale and Liddles-dale, All the blue bon-nets are

o-ver the bor-der,

Ma-ny a banner spread



flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in

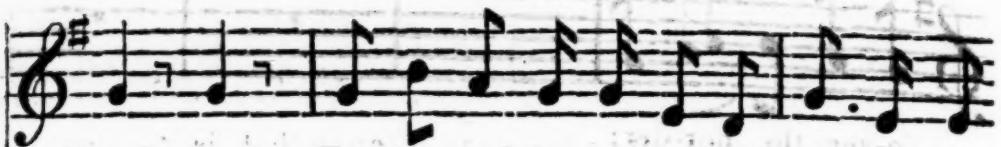


sto - ry. Mount and make ready then, Sons of the



mountain glen, Fight for your king, and the old Scottish border.

a a



March, march, Et-trick and Te - vi - ot dale, Why, my lads,



din-na ye march, Forward in or - der, March, march,



Eskdale and Liddles-dale, All the blue bon-nets are

o-ver the bor-der,

8ves. -

## 2nd. Verse.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing, Come from the



glen of the buck and the roe, Come to the crag where the



beacon is blazing, Come with the buckler, the lance & the bow.

Trumpets are sounding,

War steeds are bounding !

Stand to your arms, and march in good order ;

England shall many a day,

Tell o'er the bloody fray,

When the blue bonnets came over the border.

March, march, &c.

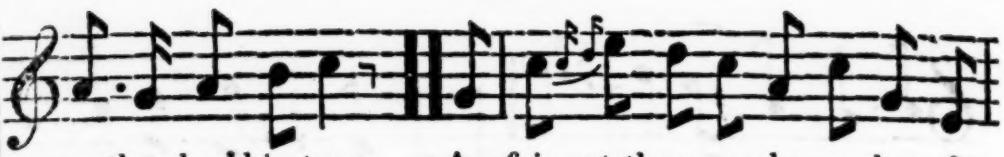
The above words sing to the latter part of the tune of the first verse—viz. “Many a banner spread,” &c.

*O my Love's like the red red Rose.*

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

*Andantino.*

O my love's like the red red rose that's



sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonny lass, so



deep in love am I, And I will love thee still my dear, till



a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, till



a the seas gang dry, O I will love thee still, my dear, till



a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt with the sun,  
 I will love thee still my dear,  
 While the sands of life shall run.  
 Then fare thee well, my only love,  
 O fare thee well awhile,  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.  
 Tho' 'twere ten, &c.

*O what a charming Fellow.*

SUNG BY MRS. HUMBY, IN THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

*Moderato.*

